Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 227

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

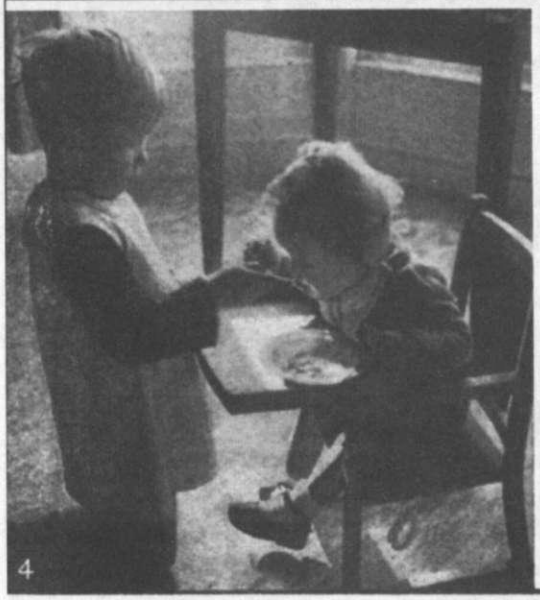
MARCH 1, 1946

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FORCE FOR THE OCCUPATION OF JAPAN (B.C.O.F.) is drawn from the U.K., Australia, New Zealand and India ; its commander-in-chief is Lieut.-Gen. J. Northcott, C.B., M.V.O., of the Australian Military Forces. At a recent inspection in India of the British and Indian contingent, who were about to leave for Japan, the goat mascot of the 2nd Battalion the Royal Welch Fusiliers headed the parade. The British-Indian Division is commanded by Maj.-Gen. D. T. Cowan.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 228 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MARCH 15

War Orphans Cared for in English Country Home



UNABLE TO RETURN to their homes when the War ended in Europe, large numbers of children who had been evacuated created a major problem in Britain. Through the Anglo-American Relief Fund, under the direction of Lady Gunstone, O.B.E., some of them are being cared for at The Round House, Ware, Herts., which has been converted into a nursery home. Not all are orphans; a few are "unwanted" and others cannot return because of the housing shortage.

The Round House, with some of the children at play (1). Mealtime (2) is a serious affair, but not more so than the problem of the instructional toy with which this young Canadian (3) is faced. Too small to sit at table, the youngest guest (4) is assisted to his lunch by a somewhat older companion. One of the sisters takes a party for a walk (5).

Photos, Keystone

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Grim Drama of Justice at Nuremberg

By
JOHN FORTINBRAS

THE Rogues' Gallery at the World's greatest crime trial, and members of the most eminent tribunal in history, are here vividly sketched by an observer, specially for "The War Illustrated." Tense is the atmosphere of the court as there emerge details of the records of a handful of men who in complicated conspiracy betrayed a nation. See also illus. pages 559-562.

IN Nuremberg not one city but two lie in ruins. Cracked and crumbled is the once splendid acreage which comprised the walled medieval town of Germany with its red-bricked castles, keeps, watch-towers, moat-houses and churches, the town in which Albrecht Dürer the artist lived and sketched, and Hans Sachs the meistersinger wrote his verse. Around it there grew up a new Nuremberg which traded in fancy cakes and toys of impish ingenuity until armaments fever seized it and Julius Streicher launched his "Jew baiting" campaigns in "Der Stuermer." Now that town, too, has become a weary waste of rubble and upheaval.

Yet, ironically for those conspirators who promoted the Third Reich, one imposing edifice has chanced to survive almost unscathed the general catastrophe. To Nurembergers, this historic block in Fuerther Strasse goes simply by the name of the Justizgebaude (justice buildings). Elsewhere, the same buildings are being talked about today as "The Palace of Justice."

In the Court Room, the Schwurgerichts as it is called, one misses at first the veneration and solemnity associated with an English High Court of Justice. There is no judge in wig and scarlet robes, no black-gowned usher, none of that faint smell of antiquity that typifies judicial proceedings in our own country. In fact, before the Tribunal sits an atmosphere of hubbub prevails.

Twenty Strained and Miserable Men

It arises from the cine-cameras (a Russian unit is photographing every second of the trial), from the banks of white arc-lights, from the interpreters sitting behind glass panels, from the purple-robed German counsel appearing for defendants, from the strange mixture of uniform and civilian suiting among personnel of each nation's prosecuting team of learned counsel, from the earpieces or language translators which everybody wears save those in the immediate vicinity of the prosecution stand, and from the shorthand writers tapping away at their stenotype machines, recording the proceedings in four languages.

One turns from the dais where the tribunal sits—with, as its background, the four flags of the Allied Powers unfurled against pale green curtains—to contemplate two rows of strained and miserable men, twenty in all, through whose acts of infamy, alined into one vast conspiracy, the Prosecution traces the terrifying career of Nazism to its end.

THEY smile little, only uneasily. By all tokens, they represent the greatest accumulation of savagery ever perpetrated in the name of man, and the greatest humiliation to which any nation—even the German nation—has fallen. These giants, a little time ago so ruthless and inhuman, appear now as shrunken beings contemptible in the sight of freedom-loving peoples. Keitel and Jodl, the Chief of the General Staff and his Operations Chief, alone wear uniform, a plain German soldier's tunic without emblems or badges of any kind. The civilian suits of the others range from dignified dark blue, as worn by Admirals Doenitz and Raeder, to the check suiting of Frick, whilst Goering wears a pearl-grey tunic peculiarly his own.

Some hold that the faces and personalities of these men are in essence nondescript, and hardly to be distinguished from a gathering at a directors' board meeting or the members of a jury panel. But the trained observer perceives authority sharp and strongly-defined in the faces of the fighting Germans, in Doenitz, in Raeder and Keitel, not perhaps so markedly in Jodl. Just as he must detect in Goering's face an unusual plasticity, and a vitality that tallies with Hitler's description of him as a man "impatient and impulsive."

Hess, the one-time Nazi idealist, with his beetling black eyebrows, his white hatchet face and glaring eyes, is not a pretty creature. But if ugliness distinguishes one man in this rogues' gallery it is Julius Streicher, sadist and flagellator, a man with much champing jaw, and blunt, brutal, sarcastic features, a face as inhuman as the doctrine of persecution which he preached. Baldur von Schirach, the Jugend leader, still preserves a well-groomed appearance; in contrast the once debonair Ribbentrop looks gaunt and haggard, an ambassador of decadence.

Impassively behind the defendants stand American G.I.s on sentry duty. Some appear never to stop chewing gum. Their white enamelled helmets are adorned by a symbolic shield figuring Nazi emblems in shattered pieces. They wear white belts and white spats, and these, with the white batons held behind their backs in white-gloved hands, appeared first to me as more reminiscent of a military tattoo than a court of justice.

Justice Intact and Irreproachable

At the Law Courts, London, Lord Justice Lawrence, ermine-robed, seemed in his compact, vastly dignified figure to incorporate Justice and present Her intact and irreproachable to all in that hushed court. Now his Lordship sits unrobed. His bald, rounded head is graced by no Judge's wig. And the judges of the Allied Powers who sit beside him, though constituting the most eminent tribunal in history, wear none of the trappings of distinction. Mr. Justice Birkett, with his flatly brushed, lank, straw-coloured hair looks at times in his spectacles inexpressibly owlish.

One of the French judges, bald-headed and with a grey, drooping moustache, might have been born in the pages of Dickens. The two Russian judges, strongly built, younger than the other men, sit sternly upright, in their lemon-brown military uniforms.

I felt proud of Lawrence from the beginning. He follows every word spoken from the prosecution stand with a sharp mind; its penetration impresses everyone. Yet, perhaps because I have been reared in British traditions, my first reaction was to hate and decry the apparent informality of the trial. Sufficiently enlightened we may be, I thought, to dispense with the emblems of Justice, with the atmosphere, half-sacerdotal and half-historic, in which Justice exists in so many courts in England. But how much I wished that, in contrast to the easy, matter-of-fact way in which the defendants had condemned to horror and monstrous misuse millions of their fellow human beings, those same men should live for what may be the last few weeks of their lives in an atmosphere alive with the sense of retribution.

Such, in summary, were the thoughts which occupied my mind during the first few minutes of the tribunal's session on January 2, 1946, which marked my introduction to the Court. Then I began listening intently to the evidence. I heard Colonel Storey, of the American prosecution team, reading in measured tones the affidavits of witnesses to ghetto mass murders at Rovno in the Ukraine—how, as the secret police carried out their murderous missions, women ran about the streets with dead babies in their arms before they, too, stripped naked and made to lie in charnel pits, became dead.

It seemed that only with an effort of mind dare one visualize such happenings. I have heard much more terrible evidence since that day. Yet every word from Storey represented, to me, the agonies, the unmentionable agonies, of tens of hundreds of men, women and children. I heard for the first time of the infamous device at Mauthausen Concentration Camp reserved for "K" prisoners. K stands for "Kugel," German for bullet. And K prisoners included Russian prisoners of war, prisoners recaptured after attempted escapes, political and racial "undesirables," and others. All were marked for death and measured for death.

Most Terrible Evidence Marshalled

Each victim was forced to stand upright beside a metrical column, from the top of which a sliding plank was poised. When the wood moved down its socket and touched the prisoner's head the measure automatically recorded his height. Simultaneously, a mechanical attachment discharged a bullet into the nape of his neck. Often, the concentration camp authorities, the tribunal heard, had too many K prisoners on their hands to extend to all this individual and "humane" treatment. So some prisoners were sent to the "bathrooms"—hermetically sealed chambers into which poison gas concentrations were discharged.

I heard of Hitler's orders carried out in the Occupied Countries to enforce the Nazi rule by terror, If a man were suspected of any act against the Nazi regime it was the German policy to seize every member of his family and, after removing them to the Reich, to liquidate them, taking special care to ensure that no word of their death ever went back to their home town.

I heard of Einsatzkommandos, chiefs of Secret Police Units, whose function in the Eastern occupied areas was to exterminate Jews and Russian commissars. In their huge mass-scale killings of Jews, women and children were not exempted, although a difference existed in that gas vans were ordered for women and children, and with the poison being supplied by the vehicle itself a journey was arranged of sufficient duration to ensure that by the time the mass burial quarry or anti-tank ditch was reached all would be dead.

I heard also how the defendant Kaltenbrunner, Himmler's right-hand man, saw fit to encourage civilians to lynch Allied airmen who parachuted down or otherwise fell unarmed in their midst. The order to which Kaltenbrunner gave his signature said, "In agreement with the Reichsfuehrer S.S. (Heinrich Himmler) I have directed all higher police officers that all Germans shall go unpunished who in the future participate in the persecution and annihilation of enemy aircrews who parachute down."

WHILST such records are related the rest falls into the background. Americans, officers and men, in the visitors' gallery, forget the jazz music which sounds day in and day out thirty paces away from the Court, forget their gum-chewing and other indulgences. The unconventional background of the trial vanishes. In its stead the awe of Justice prevails as that of a sword brandished nakedly: a sword leaping out of an accumulation of the most terrible evidence ever marshalled by man against man.

Northern Ireland's Share in Victory

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE English are a forgiving and forgetful people. They are accustomed to bow to the will of a majority and, taking Ireland as a whole, the majority of the Irish would certainly like to see the partition of their own island abolished. A desire to make concessions to the wishes of the majority and to forgive and forget Eire's neutrality may become all the stronger because those fortunate enough to visit the country and to dip into its flesh-pots find the inhabitants charming and friendly.

The north can offer no such attractions, and the people, though as Irish as those of the south, can be dour enough. Moreover, it can with some justice be claimed that, despite the attitude of its Government, Eire contributed as large a proportion of its man-power to the fighting Services of Britain as did the north, and that great numbers of men and women crossed the Irish Sea to take part in the industrial war effort. To these as individuals we owe gratitude for gallant and useful service, all the more because they received no encouragement in their enterprise from their own government.

But let us not forget that the debt we owe to Northern Ireland was of a vastly different character, and that the services it rendered to the Allied cause were of immensely greater importance. The debt is all the greater because the British Government and people can claim little credit for placing Northern Ireland in a position to render those services. When established, partition of Ireland was looked on by the majority of Englishmen as a regrettable political expedient, rendered necessary by the irreconcilable aspirations of Irishmen—a grudgingly granted concession to the claims of the stubborn north.

RESOURCES Placed at Disposal of His Majesty's Government

The frontier between the two parts of the country had no military significance, and seemed to many an absurdity calculated to cause the maximum inconvenience and to present magnificent opportunities to smugglers. That it would ever become a frontier of vital strategic importance probably never occurred to anyone, for at the time the retention of the south Irish naval bases met requirements. Yet, in the event, probably no other land frontier had equal strategic value in the course of the War. In a search for sixpence the British Government had picked up a sovereign, and not for the first time in its history had unwittingly and unwillingly retained an asset of immense value which it had almost thrown away.

The first debt owed to Northern Ireland is due to its insistence on maintaining to the full the British connexion. Whether that insistence was, as some believed, inspired by bigotry and suspicion of the south or by genuine devotion and loyalty to the Empire as was claimed, is immaterial. For though both influences were probably at work full proof has been given that loyalty was genuine. At the outbreak of War the Northern Parliament without reservation placed the area enclosed by the "absurd" frontier and all its resources at the disposal of H.M. Government and accepted all the risks and hardships of war.

Eire's declaration of neutrality which denied the use of the southern ports to the Allied Navies vastly added to the strategic importance of the northern area, and as the War went on that importance progressively increased, affording as it did advanced naval and air bases for the prosecution of the Battle of the Atlantic. In particular they covered the approaches to the Clyde and Mersey, which became the main channel through which food, munitions and supplies of all sorts reached Britain, not only from America but from all parts of the world. The area was also to form a valuable training-ground for British and American troops.

ITS importance to the U.S. war effort was proved when the construction of a new port in Lough Foyle, to supplement the somewhat limited facilities at Londonderry, became one of the first tasks undertaken by the American advanced guard, the great Port of Belfast being insufficient to exploit the potentialities of the area. Obviously the area from its geographic position had the additional advantage of having a degree of immunity from air attack, although Belfast did not escape unscathed. It was to northern insistence that we owe the possession of this strategic asset which, it is to be hoped, we have learned should never be relinquished.

Small as the area was, the value of its resources should not be underestimated. Though mainly an agricultural country it contained industries of great importance. Outstanding was the great shipbuilding industry of Belfast which produced important naval units in addition to much mercantile tonnage. The linen industry and rope factories for which the country was famous were also of special value. These together with other associated engineering establishments provided a force of highly skilled artisans, which greatly facilitated the development of new war industries. Agricultural production was also intensified by increased use of mechanized implements, with the result that some eleven million pounds' worth of food could be shipped annually to Britain. The acreage under flax, always an important crop in Ulster, in particular was extended to meet the demands for the expanded linen industry and to compensate for the loss of supplies of fibre formerly imported. On the whole the industrial and agricultural effort fully equalled, if it did not exceed, anything achieved on the other side of the Irish Sea. This is the more remarkable because the Government of Northern Ireland had anxieties about the attitude of a substantial minority of the population which did not exist in other parts of the United Kingdom. It can only be concluded that the spirit of loyalty to the cause to which the country had committed itself proved infectious.

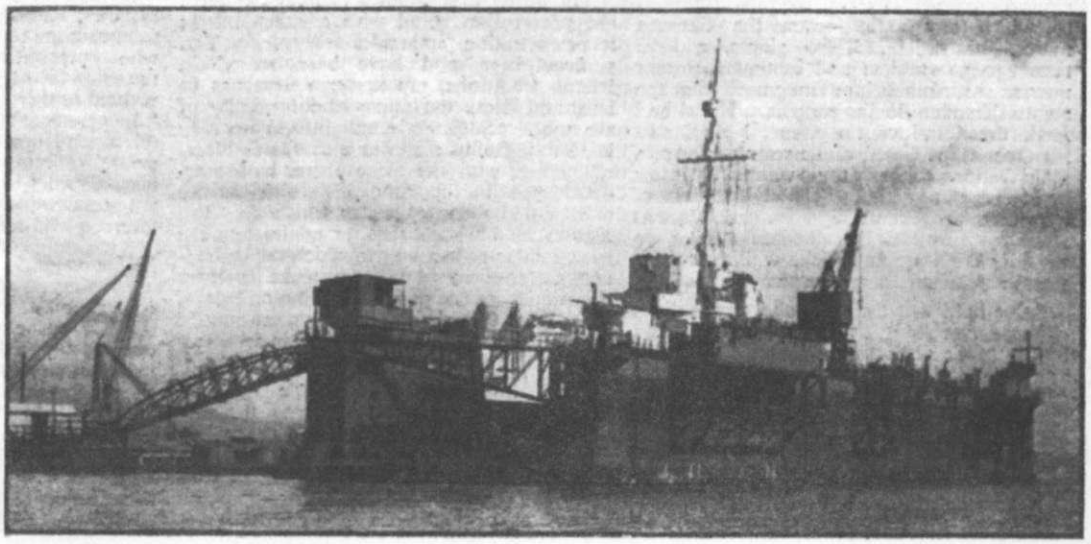
OUTPOST of Great Importance for Defence of These Islands

Without conscription or a territorial army and with the population so fully employed on War production it was obvious that the numbers that joined the fighting Services would be affected. Nevertheless many young men and women volunteered for all the Services, and recruitment for the regular regiments whose home is in Northern Ireland was well maintained.

The north certainly cannot be accused of lack of martial spirit, and it is naturally proud of the astonishing capacity it has shown for producing generals of outstanding distinction out of the small field it offers for selection. It is not difficult to find reasons why Southern Ireland should be famous for the horses it breeds, but how can we account for the fact that out of a population of one and a quarter million Ulster produced men of the stamp of Field-Marshals Alexander and Montgomery to command in the Field, and Field-Marshals Lord Alanbrooke and Sir John Dill as principal military advisers?

When Montgomery succeeds Alanbrooke (in June, 1946) we shall have seen three men from Northern Ireland successively holding the highest appointment in the British Army, that of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Never has the Empire been better served in Field and Council Chamber.

Fitting as it is that the debt owed to the people of Northern Ireland should be remembered and acknowledged, it is even more essential that it should be realized that the territory they occupy forms a strategic outpost of vital importance for the defence of these islands—an asset which should never again become a counter in party politics or be thrown in the scales of appeasement bargaining. As an Irishman connected equally with north and south I do not like partition, but as a soldier I do not doubt its necessity.



SHIP REPAIRING was one of the outstanding contributions of Northern Ireland to the Allied cause. In Belfast Harbour (right) a frigate of the Royal Navy is being attended to, in a floating dock at Harland and Wolff's great shipyard. **See also facing page**

Photo, Northern Ireland Government

With Mighty Endeavour They Speeded the Peace

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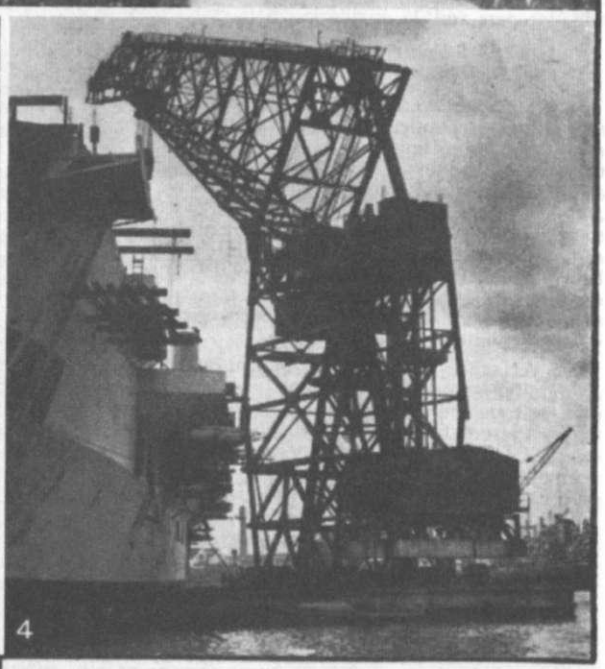
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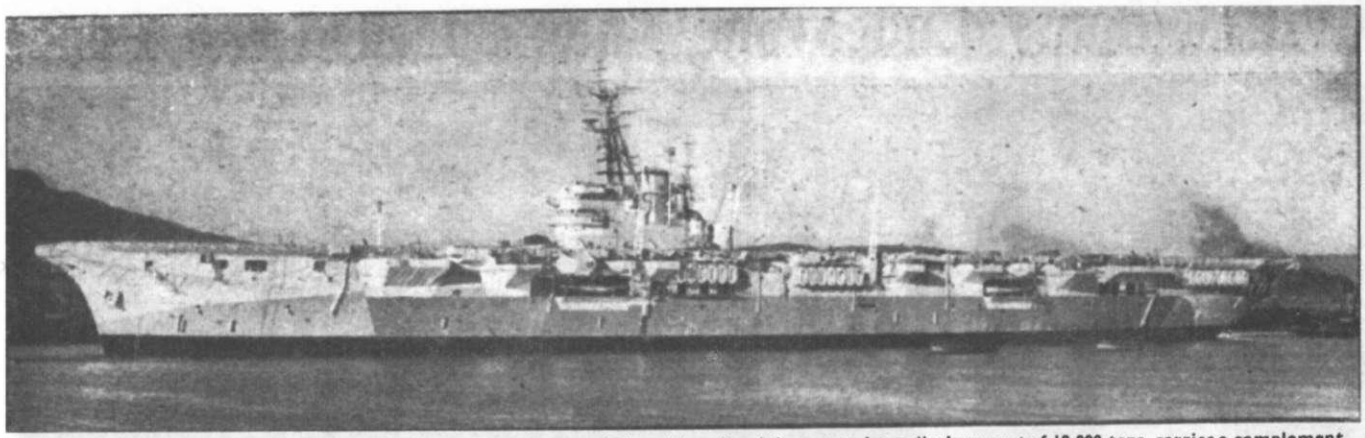
NORTHERN IRELAND parachute workers busy for the R.A.F. (1). During the Victory celebrations on May 13, 1945, crowds filled Belfast's Donegall Square (2). The Royal Irish Fusiliers (3) served in France, Italy and N. Africa. At a Belfast shipyard a giant floating crane is seen beside an aircraft carrier undergoing repairs (4).



H.M.C.S. WARRIOR, first capital ship and fleet carrier to be commissioned by a Dominions navy, has a displacement of 18,000 tons, carries a complement of about 1,000, and has accommodation for Seafire fighters and Firefly reconnaissance aircraft. She was built specially for the Royal Canadian Navy by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Belfast, where this photograph was taken, and was commissioned on January 24, 1946. *Photo, Associated Press*

Our Navies in the Great Change-Over

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

IT is some months since the Navy Department, Washington, disclosed in broad outline the strength at which it is intended the United States Fleet shall be maintained in the immediate future. It was proposed that there should ultimately be retained in service 18 battleships, three battle cruisers, 27 fleet aircraft carriers, 79 escort carriers, 79 cruisers, 367 destroyers, 296 destroyer-escorts and 200 submarines. Of these, a substantial proportion, amounting to seven battleships, 12 fleet aircraft carriers, 58 escort carriers, 33 cruisers, 191 destroyers, 256 destroyer-escorts and 110 submarines will normally be laid up in reserve.

A further announcement has now been made by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. James Forrestal, giving the ships which are to be assigned to two principal fleets as follows: Pacific Fleet: two battleships, nine fleet carriers, nine escort carriers, 20 cruisers, 16 destroyer-escorts, 39 submarines, five minelayers, 24 minesweepers and 45 auxiliaries of various types. Atlantic Fleet: two battleships, four fleet carriers, four escort carriers, eight cruisers, 54 destroyers, 20 destroyer-escorts, 51 submarines, five minelayers, 20 minesweepers and 35 auxiliaries.

FLEET'S Future Composition and Distribution Yet to be Decided

Behind these two fleets, ready to reinforce them at short notice, will be the "ready reserve," comprising six battleships, five fleet aircraft carriers, 18 cruisers, 40 destroyers, four destroyer-escorts, two minelayers and four minesweepers. It will be observed that in these lists there is no separate mention of America's three battle cruisers, which have presumably been counted in with the cruisers. This rather suggests that the value of the battle cruiser as a type has been somewhat discounted by war experience.

As yet there has been no indication of Admiralty intentions concerning the future composition and distribution of the British fleet. Presumably the information is being reserved for the Navy Estimates, which are normally placed before Parliament shortly before Easter. In the War there were no Estimates in the ordinary sense, the money required for the Navy being covered by token votes, passed without discussion or disclosure of any details.

It is known that certain obsolete ships are being discarded, while others have been placed in reserve or relegated to harbour service. A large number have been, or are about to be, sold or scrapped, including the ancient aircraft carriers Furious and Argus, over a dozen cruisers, more than 100 destroyers, about 40 submarines and sundry craft, such as the "Castle" and "Flower" type corvettes and the older minesweepers.

This should be sufficient to give an idea of the number of ships likely to be available for active service when needed, though the recent tendency to send to the scrapheap brand-new destroyers which have not long been launched must prevent some of the figures from being more than broad approximations.

In capital ships, the pre-war total of 15 has fallen to seven, though including the Vanguard, nearing completion. Besides this new ship, the King George V, Duke of York, Anson, Howe, Nelson and Rodney are the only British battleships which can be considered fit to fight. It would seem likely that five of these ships will be maintained in full commission in the Home and Mediterranean Fleets, leaving the other two as a "ready reserve," to adopt the American term—available either as a potential reinforcement or as reliefs for ships requiring to be refitted.

In fleet aircraft carriers the position is somewhat better, though it may not remain so unless all those under construction are carried to completion. It has been reported that five or six large fleet carriers which were building have been cancelled, together with several of lighter design. Disregarding these, it would appear that there may be available in due course seven or eight of the former and from 15 to 20 of the latter. There are also three ships of hybrid type, the Unicorn (see illus. in page 647), Perseus and Pioneer, which may be described as maintenance aircraft carriers and are extremely valuable ships.

OF the 38 escort carriers in service when the War ended, 33 have had to be returned to the United States Navy under the terms of the Lend-Lease scheme. One of the remaining five, the Pretoria Castle, is likely to revert to her peacetime status as a passenger liner plying between this country and South Africa. This would leave Campania, Nairana, Vindex and Activity available, but one of these is to be transferred to the Netherlands flag.

In cruisers there is a serious shortage, having regard to the total of 70 which the late Earl Jellicoe recommended as an absolute minimum. The post-war residue would appear to be certainly under 50, and this includes the Arethusa and Aurora, which have been mentioned as likely to be transferred to Allied navies, together with the Blake, Defence, Superb and Tiger, now completing. There is some doubt whether the Bellerophon and Hawke will be completed, so these two cruisers have been left out of the calculation. Evidently it is considered that the allocation to foreign stations of a proportion of our fleet aircraft carrier strength will more than compensate for this cruiser shortage, or the position might well be described as alarming.

Assuming that about 50 per cent of the new destroyers in hand will be completed, there should be available 150 modern fleet destroyers. How many of the "Hunt" class, corresponding approximately to the American destroyer-escorts, are to be retained in service is doubtful. Several are believed to have been condemned as the results of hard service or extensive damage, but there may be 30 or 40 suitable for duty in home waters and the Mediterranean for some years to come.

FRIGATES Assigned Under Lend-Lease Being Returned to U.S.

In submarines the position is a little more difficult owing to the complete uncertainty about the number of new ones to be completed. On the 50 per cent basis adopted in the case of the destroyers there ought ultimately to be about 120 available, but it is doubtful if so many will be kept.

Probably the later frigates of the "Bay" and "Loch" classes will be retained, to the number of about 50, but most of the "Rivers" seem likely to be discarded. All the "Captains" and "Colonies" are being returned to the U.S. navy, having been assigned to this country under the Lend-Lease scheme. About 30 sloops of recent design will also figure in the post-war fleet—together with the majority of the mine-sweepers of the highly successful "Algerine" design, 100 in number.

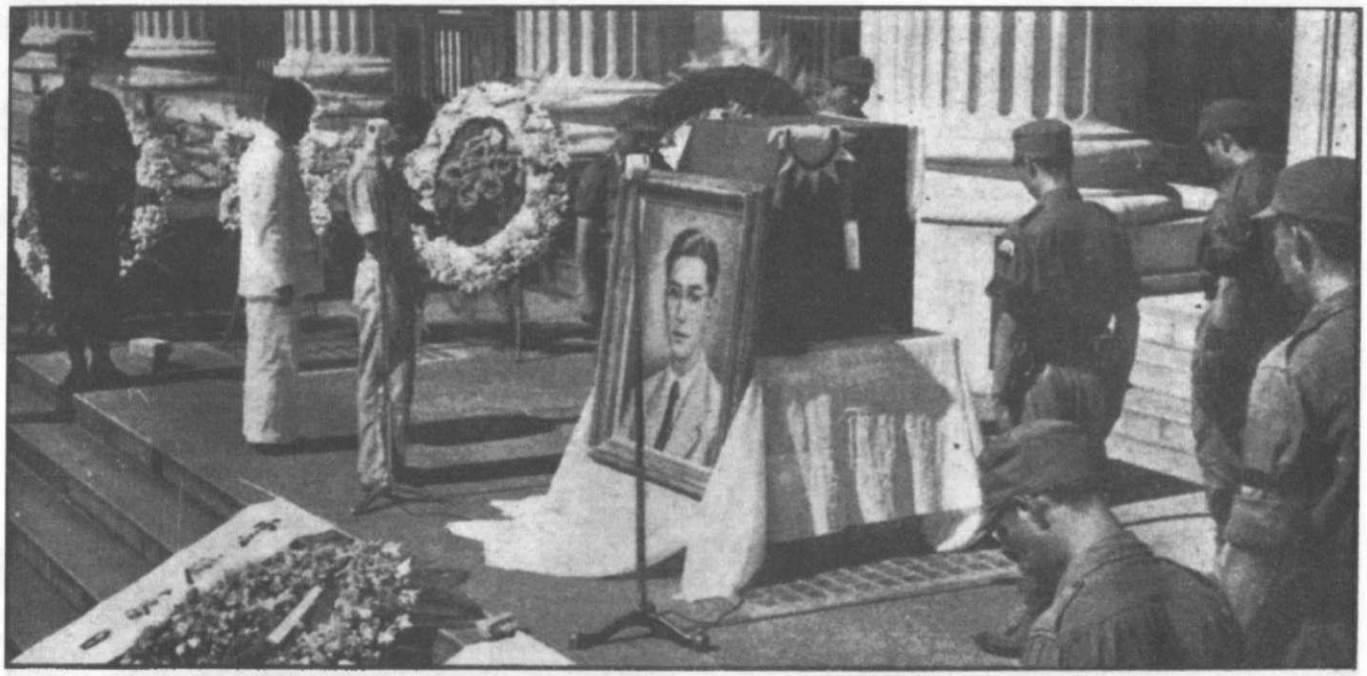
In all these calculations the navies of the overseas Dominions have been included, as they would operate with the Royal Navy in time of war. Comparing the position with 1939, the Home Fleet was then made up of seven battleships and battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, six cruisers, 26 destroyers and five submarines; while in the Mediterranean Fleet there were four battleships, one aircraft carrier, six cruisers, 40 destroyers and seven submarines. On the China Station were one aircraft carrier, four cruisers, 14 destroyers and 15 submarines. Five cruisers constituted the bulk of the America and West Indies Squadron (including ships in South American waters). There were three cruisers on the East Indies Station, one on the Africa Station, and two lent to New Zealand. Presumably something on a similar scale will be organized in the near future, but with more aircraft carriers and fewer battleships and cruisers in the picture.

Last Fight of H.M. Submarine Universal

CRIPPLED BY ENGINE BREAKDOWN off the Pembrokeshire coast and taken in tow by the destroyer Southdown, the Universal, on her way to be broken up, went adrift when the towing gear broke. Battling against storms for 36 hours the crew twice refused to abandon ship ; then, in a 50 m.p.h. gale, they were rescued by the Aberystwyth and Fishguard lifeboats, on February 5, 1946. The Universal had a grand war service record, sinking or damaging 40,000 tons of enemy shipping during a year's patrol in the Mediterranean.

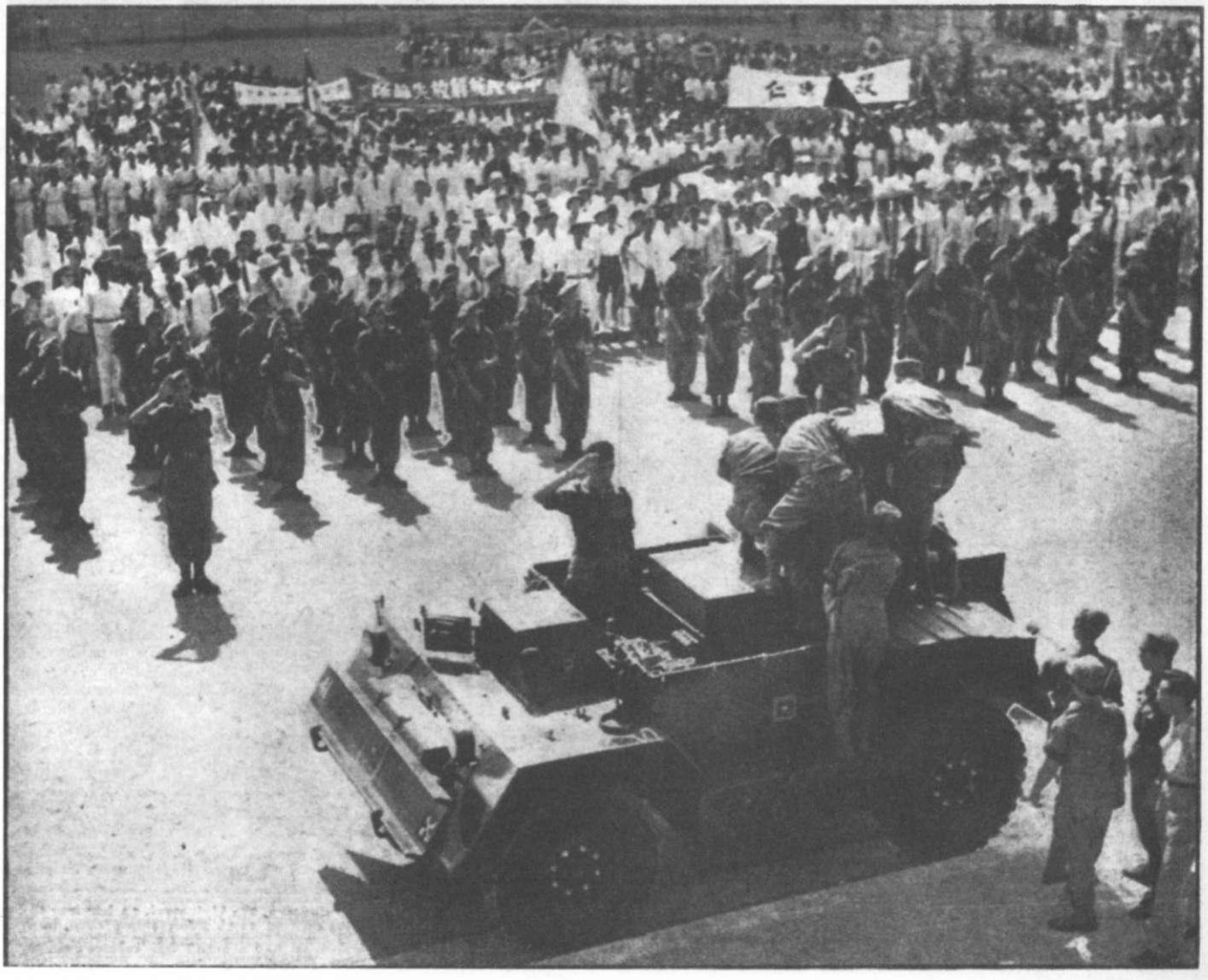
Photo, Keystone

Full Military Honours for Malayan Maquis Leader



COL. LIM BO SENG, an heroic leader of the Malayan resistance, was buried on January 13, 1946, at Singapore. Escaping from Malaya in 1942 he made his way to Chungking, where he was created leader of a Chinese unit of Force 136—a part of the great guerilla army, composed of Chinese, Malayas and Indians, which harassed the Japanese. Col. Seng returned to Malaya in 1943 accompanied by a small party which included British officers. Caught by the Japanese, he died in June 1944 as a result of tortures. On the steps of the Municipal Building in Singapore, in front of the table draped in white (Chinese symbol of mourning) upon which rests the bier, a portrait of the dead hero was displayed (above). The British guard of honour presented arms (below) as the bearers laid the bier on the gun-carriage.

Photos, British Official



Commemorating Our Great Desert Campaigns

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IN WHAT WAS ONCE THE PALACE OF GRAZIANI, former Italian governor, at Benghazi, on January 15, 1946, a plaque (1) in memory of the Western Desert Force under Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell was unveiled, together with another marking the triumphant drive of Montgomery's 8th Army against Rommel. The ceremony was performed by General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., C.-in-C. Middle East, seen (2) with the senior chaplain during the dedication of the plaques, whilst the band of the Royal West African Frontier Force played (3)

Major Mysteries of the Second Great War

What General George Marshall called "the greed and mistakes of the war-making nations" contributed largely to Allied victory. Blunders of Axis policy, catastrophic in their consequences, are examined by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, Professor of History at Columbia University. His article (condensed) is reprinted from The New York Times Magazine. **See also facing page.**

WHEN Hitler embarked upon war in September 1939 Germany was unquestionably the mightiest military power in the world. And the grand strategy which dictated the application of that power was sound: the strategy of disposing of enemies and potential enemies one by one. Within a year and a half Germany had extended her dominion from the Arctic to North Africa, from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea. Franco's Spain was friendly; Russia was still bound to Germany by a non-aggression pact. Only Britain held out, and though Britain might fight on indefinitely it was inconceivable that she alone could reconquer the Continent.

In eighteen months Germany had won such triumphs as no nation had known for more than a hundred years. Within another year she had raised up against her the most powerful military coalition in history. And in three more years she suffered defeat more complete, catastrophe more overwhelming, than any known to history. Meantime, her Axis partner in the Far East, whose triumphs had been equally dazzling, had experienced a comparable reversal of fortunes.

How had it happened? The answer is, of course, to be found in the achievements of the great coalition—Britain, Russia, the United States, China, and their Allies. But this is a superficial answer. Why had Germany and Japan failed to realize what was bound to happen if Russia and the United States were brought into the War against them and to take adequate counter-measures?

Things Hitler Might Have Done

Theoretically, Hitler might have so conducted himself that the United States would not have felt her security threatened or the American people their principles outraged. But then he wouldn't have been Hitler. He might—quite theoretically—have observed treaties and pacts; he might have abstained from persecution of Jews and minorities; he might have established a new order on the basis of justice and humanity. Had he been the kind of leader who would have done these things, however, he wouldn't have started war in the first place. Let us try to list what seem to be the major mysteries of Axis political and military policy, and speculate about the explanations behind them.

Why did the Axis fail to co-ordinate its plans and operations? Why did not Germany, Italy and Japan launch their attack simultaneously, either in 1939 or in 1941? (See map 1, opposite page). Japan, to be sure, was not ready in 1939. But neither were Britain, Russia, or the United States. In 1939 the U.S. were, in the words of General Marshall (see page 612), "not even a third-rate military power." Britain, feverishly rearming against the German menace, was all but helpless in the Far East. Russia, eagerly signing a non-aggression pact designed to give her time to rearm, was in no position to fight a two-front war. Or—if Japan was too unready—the war might have been delayed until she was ready, in 1941. At that time, even with the rearmament programme which the War had brought on, neither Britain nor the United States was able to restrain Japan. Germany, in turn, would probably have enjoyed the same relative superiority in the autumn of 1941 that she enjoyed in the autumn of 1939.

The Axis never achieved a co-ordinated attack. They did not achieve it even after December 1941. Italy entered the War at her convenience—and we are told now that Germany never wanted her in the War at all. Japan, too, came in when it suited her interests to do so, and fought her own war. Perhaps, given the totalitarian philosophy and psychology, a common policy was impossible, for implicit in totalitarianism were racism, distrust of other peoples and States and ambition for world domination.

Why did Germany fail to invade Britain in 1940? Invasion of Britain would not have been easy. The Royal Navy still commanded the Channel, the R.A.F. was still supreme in the skies over Britain, and Britain's coastal defences—we are now beginning to learn—were even more formidable than was then supposed. Yet invasion—either a direct assault upon the beaches, paratroop landings in England or a combination of both against Eire—was not only the logical but as we now know the necessary step for the completion of the German plans. (See map 2).

Goering's Spectacular Failure

Why was it not attempted? The answers are familiar enough. Hitler had not anticipated quite so speedy or so overwhelming a victory in France and was not ready to invade. He did not have the landing craft or the organization behind them. He felt it necessary first to knock the R.A.F. out of the skies, and this Goering failed to do. And so forth and so on.

Again these are answers that tend to mystify rather than to clarify. For a decade Germany had prepared for war. Prior to the summer of 1940 everything had gone like clockwork. Why did the planning break down here? Why was the Wehrmacht not ready to invade? Why had the paratroopers not been trained for precisely this operation—as they were trained for the invasion of Crete? Why was Goering not willing to risk enough planes to ensure destruction of the R.A.F.? There were planes enough for the Balkan venture the following spring and for the all-out assault on Russia.

Possible answers suggest themselves. First, Hitler had confidence that the Luftwaffe could destroy the R.A.F. and then proceed to the disruption of British industries and communications at will; he had confidence, too, in his U-boat campaign. He was unable to imagine that a nation faced with the odds which confronted the British in 1940 would not accept the obvious fact of defeat.

SECOND, there is the intriguing possibility that Hitler did not want to destroy Britain—as he did want to destroy Russia. So great was his admiration—perhaps respect is a better term—for Britain and the Empire, that he preferred to have Britain come over to his side much as France had, through the establishment of a collaborationist government. His failure to plan for an invasion, his curious offer, just before the launching of the blitz, of peace with a guarantee of the Empire, his unwillingness to use all of his air power against the little island—all these suggest an indecision, a confusion of purpose, rather than military incompetence.

Why did Hitler fail to occupy Spain and thus close the Mediterranean to the Allies? In the light of later events this would seem to have been the major, as it is the most inexplicable, of Hitler's mistakes. Assuredly, he could have encountered little serious opposition from Franco's Spain. Nor could Gibraltar have withstood, indefinitely, attack from the land and from the air. Once Gibraltar was in Nazi hands Malta must have fallen, the British fleet would have been debarred from the Mediterranean and the whole of North Africa would have fallen to Italian and German armies. Italy, instead of being a liability, might have become an asset; the oil of the Near East would have been available; the Anglo-American invasion of 1942 rendered impossible. (See map 3).

What is the explanation of Hitler's failure to make so natural, so logical a move? Probably the desire to concentrate all available force against Russia was the decisive consideration. Possibly Hitler believed that the Italian campaign in Libya and his own attack through the Balkans would clear the British out of the Mediterranean in any event. Possibly, too, there were objections from Mussolini, inclined to regard the Mediterranean as his sea, Spain as in his sphere of influence.

Why did Germany attack Russia in the summer of 1941? It is scarcely necessary now to elaborate on the consequences of the German attack on Russia, or to suggest that had Hitler been victorious in Russia—as he almost was—the war would still be going on. Yet why was the attack made? It was, given the nature of Nazism, almost inevitable.

An Old Adage the Japs Forgot

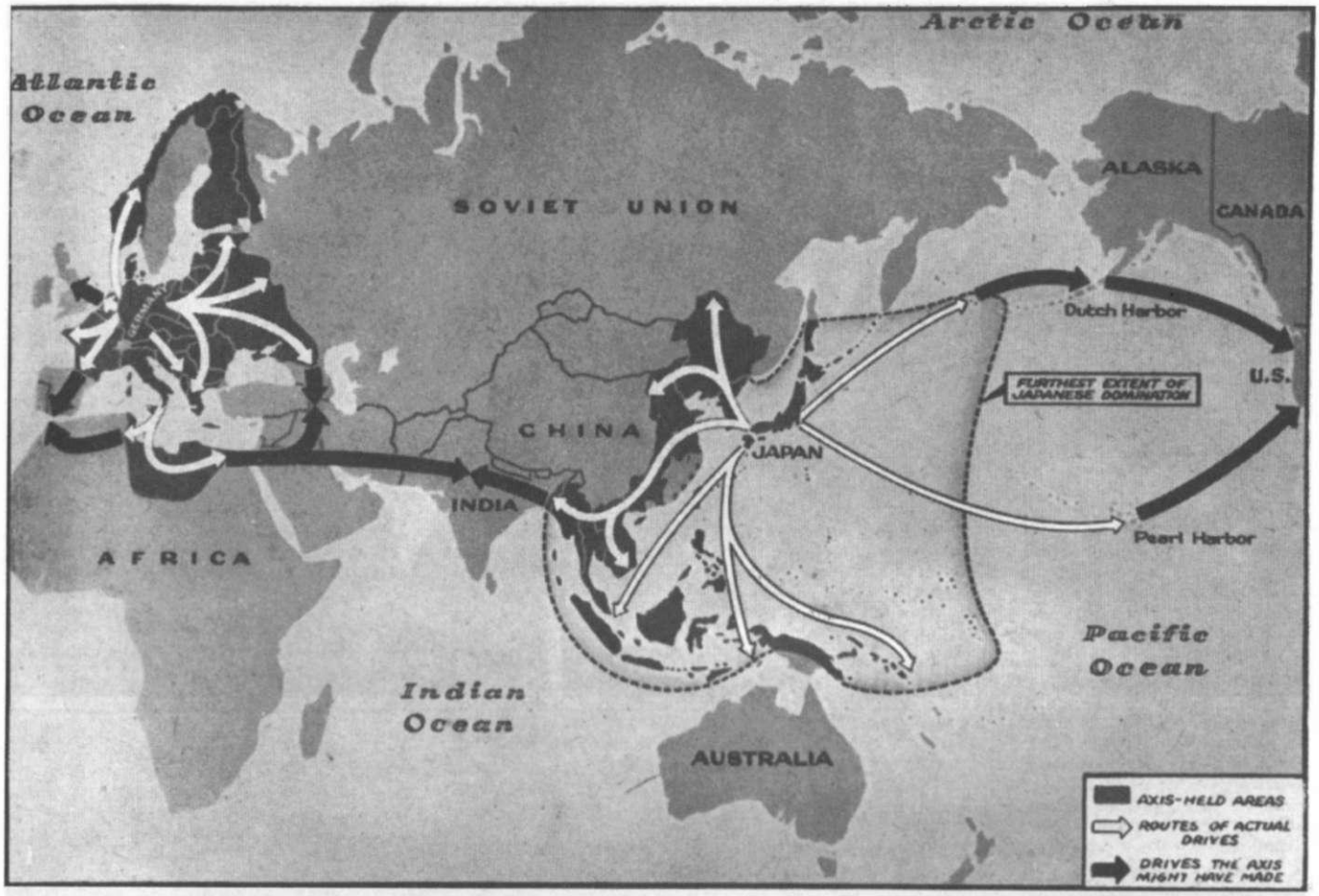
From the beginning the Nazis had singled out the Bolsheviks as their greatest enemies, and the first Axis alliance was the Anti-Comintern pact with Japan in 1936. The German-Russian non-aggression agreement of 1939 was obviously a marriage of convenience. From the beginning, too, it was clear that Russia was preparing for an inevitable showdown. When Hitler invaded Poland from the west, Russia invaded from the east. The attack on Finland, the absorption of the Baltic States, the annexation of Bessarabia, were all a part of the Russian programme of defence against attack from Germany. There was thus every reason for Hitler to believe that the sooner he attacked the better his chance of success.

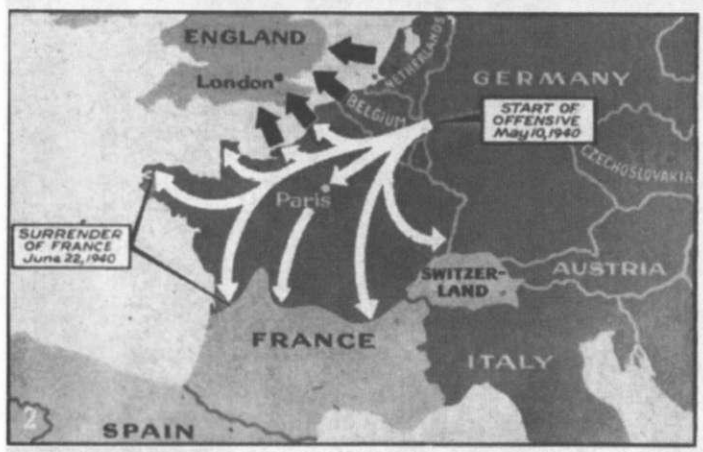
HE did attack at what was, doubtless, the earliest possible moment. First there was Britain to deal with, and the Battle of Britain raged all through the autumn and winter of 1940-1. Then the Balkan flank had to be cleared, the British thrown on the defensive in North Africa. When the invasion of Russia came in June 1941 it was a spectacular success; in the end Russia proved the graveyard of Hitler's army and Hitler's hopes. (See map 4). Yet until Stalingrad Hitler's gamble seemed justified.

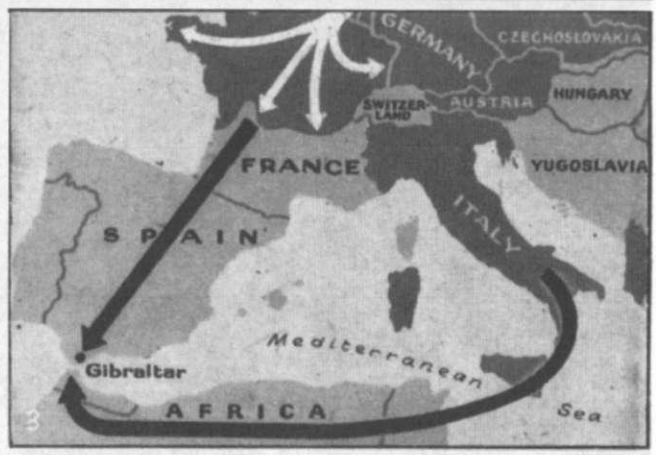
Why did Japan attack Pearl Harbour, and, having attacked, not invade the Hawaiian Islands? It is clear now that the attack on Pearl Harbour which might have been a glittering triumph was, in the end, a fatal mistake. The Japanese forgot the old adage: when you strike a king, strike to kill. They struck what was potentially the greatest naval and military power in the world—and failed to kill. They failed even to destroy the U.S. Pacific fleet.

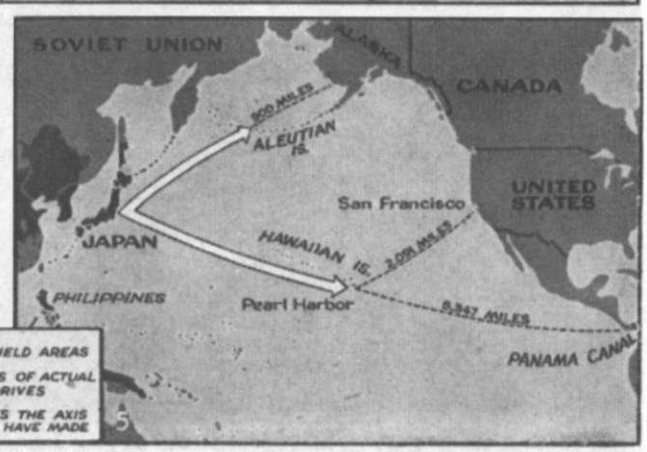
HAVING decided that an attack on the American fleet at Pearl Harbour was strategically sound, why did the Japanese fail to prepare for an invasion of the Hawaiian Islands? Whatever it involved, it would have been worth the cost. For if Japan had controlled the Hawaiian Islands it is difficult to see how we could have mounted an offensive. The failure to seize Hawaii and, at the same time, the Aleutians and Dutch Harbour seems now the greatest of Japanese mistakes, perhaps the greatest of all the Axis mistakes. (See maps 1 and 5).

Where Aggressor Nations' Planning Went Astray









HAD GERMANY, ITALY AND JAPAN STRUCK SIMULTANEOUSLY the grand strategy indicated by black arrows (1) might have succeeded. Collapse of France in 1940 left England vulnerable to conquest (2), but Hitler hesitated and was lost. By occupying Spain and securing Gibraltar Germany might, in 1941, have closed the Mediterranean (3). When Hitler invaded Russia in that year he laid Germany open to attack from several directions (4). The Japs blundered when, having attacked Pearl Harbour, they did not invade Hawaii (5).

By courtesy of The New York Times Magazine

U.N.O. Security Council Meets for First Time

AROUND A HORSESHOE-TABLE at Church House, Westminster, on January 17, 1946, was held the first meeting of the United Nations Organization Security Council, under the chairmanship of Mr. N. J. O. Makin, Australian Minister for the Navy; Mr. Bevin (1, left) in discussion with Mr. Stettinius before proceedings commenced. General view of the Council in session (3): front row, l. to r., Mr. Modzelewski (Poland), Mr. Gromyko (Russia), Mr. Bevin (U.K.), Mr. Stettinius (U.S.A.), Mr. G. Jebb (Secretary), Mr. Makin (Australia), Senhor de Freitas-Valle (Brazil), Dr. Wellington Koo (China), Dr. A. H. Badawi Pasha (Egypt), Mr. Vincent-Auriol (France), Senor de Rosenzweig Diaz (Mexico), and Dr. van Kleffens (Netherlands). Mr. Vyshinsky (2, left) chief Soviet delegate with Dr. D. Manuilsky, Ukrainian Commissar of Foreign Affairs. See also pages 654-658.

Now It Can Be Told!

OLD LOCOS WERE FIGHTERS' 'GUINEA PIGS'

On a lonely R.A.F. Fighter Command station in Northumberland early in 1943 old railway engines, battered tanks and worn-out motor-lorries played a part in the success of the invasion of Europe. They were "guinea-pigs" for a set of experiments to test the effectiveness of R.A.F. fighters against ground targets. Data gained from these tests reduced tank-busting and ground-strafing to a mathematical formula which helped to bring victory for the Allies. The tests were arranged by ballistics experts in co-operation with the "Boffins" of Fighter Command, a team of civilian scientists acting as advisers to the Commander-in-Chief.

Rocket projectiles and all types of cannon and machine-gun ammunition were tried out against the vehicles at the fighter station at Milfield, near Alnwick, and the effectiveness of each type of attack was tabulated after constant rechecking. Finally, the civilian scientists could produce such formulae as "If one Spitfire Mark 5 attacks a railway engine with its cannon, the resultant damage will take an average of twelve man-hours to repair." These formulae, when checked with captured enemy records, frequently proved to be exact.

Another vital piece of ballistics work carried out was the evolution of a method of making maximum use of the British multi-gun fighters. When such a fighter goes into action each of its guns does not fire simply straight ahead. Each gun is set to fire on a slightly different aim, so that a "pattern" of bullets strikes a target at a given range. Intensive research into bullet "patterns" resulted in fire-power being put to the best possible use for the job in hand.

For instance, a concentrated blast of fire to tear a Nazi bomber apart at 200 yards' range might be desirable for a night fighter, but the same pattern would be wasteful and inflict less damage on, say, scattered troops at low level. A big part of the scientists task was to reduce the complicated formulae used by ballistic experts to describe the behaviour of bullets or rocket projectiles under the influence of wind and gravity.

BOMBER COMMAND AND THE WAR IN THE ETHER

A remarkable story was unfolded by the Signals Directorate of the Air Ministry at the close of 1945 of how Bomber Command fought and won the war in the ether. The R.A.F.'s objectives were the Luftwaffe's radio communications and the enemy radar—the radio "eye" which can detect and position approaching aircraft. The intention was to reduce this enemy intelligence to chaos.

Radio counter-measures, as they are called, were first considered in 1941, and in 1942 it became feasible to employ them in Bomber operations. From then until the end of the War this extremely complicated and abstruse subject became the wholetime study of a small number of specialists who alone understood all its ramifications.

The most spectacular of these radio counter-measures introduced itself over Hamburg on the night of July 24–25, 1943, when a vast number of aluminium foil strips (see illus. in page 652) fluttered slowly down from our bombers, to settle on the city. This was operation "Window."

Each of the 791 bombers employed on the Hamburg raid dropped (in addition to its bombs) one bundle of 2,000 of these foil strips *every minute*, which mounted to 2½ million strips weighing 20 tons. Assuming that each bundle showed an echo for 15 minutes, the total number of echoes on the enemy's screens during the raid represented 12,000 aircraft.

Side by side with our enemy radar offensive was the determined effort to upset enemy radio communications operated by the Luftwaffe. This mostly took the form of "jamming," or obliterating an enemy signal with a more powerful one of our own on the same frequency. A variation was the use of German-speaking W.A.A.F. broadcasting from the U.K. on Luftwaffe frequencies, giving false information and counter-orders.

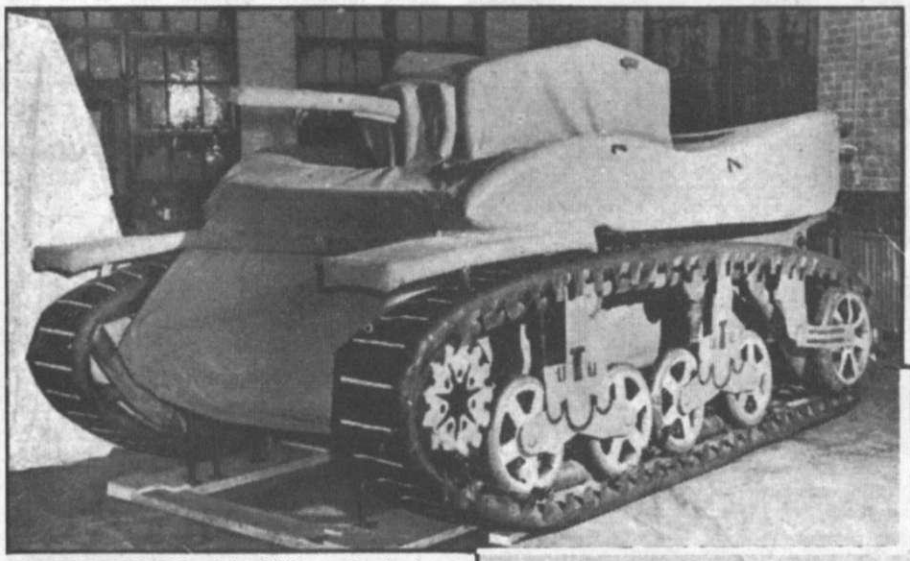
Apparatus Captured at Bruneval

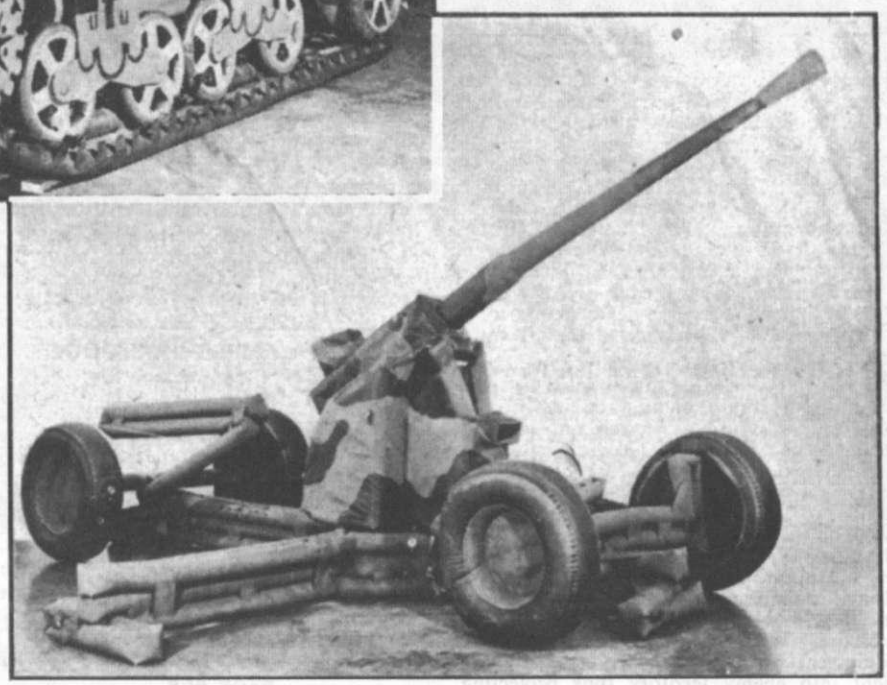
In the summer of 1941 it was established that the enemy were using radar to plot our bombers for fighter interception. Calculations gave the experts its approximate position, and in December 1941 aerial photographs were obtained which led to our raid on Bruneval on February 27, 1942. It was the knowledge gained from the capture of German apparatus there that made possible the development of our counter-measures, two of which—code names "Tinsel" and "Mandrel"—were introduced in December 1942 and were an immediate success.

Developed at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, "Tinsel" made use of a radio-telephone transmitter with the microphone placed in the engine or in the aircraft's fuselage. Each operator was given a specified frequency band to watch with instructions to "jam" any German radio telephone he heard, and the noise the German pilot heard from our aircraft may be imagined. Every wireless operator in each bomber took part. They were trained with the help of gramophone recordings of actual night-fighter radio traffic. Valuable help came from the German-speaking operators distributed through the bomber force and

'FOLLY' THAT HELPED US TO MAKE MOSQUITOES

The Thames and Medway Canal, built by Mr. Ralph Dodd in the last century, earned the name of "Dodd's Folly" when railways reduced its value. Much of the canal was filled in before the War as part of the Southern Railway scheme to electrify the line from Gravesend to Gillingham, and it would probably have disappeared altogether but for Hitler. But the War knocked the "folly" out of its nickname. Thousands of Canadian logs were thrown into the canal to season timber for Mosquito construction.





BATTLE DECOYS with which we deceived the Germans included tanks (above), aircraft, lorries, invasion craft and A.A. guns (right). Pneumatic models made of barrage balloon material, these were inflated by means of a special air-pump, the "erection" occupying only a few minutes. Deflated, each could be packed in a very small space. *Photos, Keystone*

GERMAN 'VIPER' PLANE, developed towards the end of the War but never actually used, was powered by rocket. Rate of climb about 37,000 ft. a minute, its purpose was to destroy enemy aircraft—its pilot to be ejected and descend by parachute. From the launching cradle (left) the take-off (right) was vertical. *Photos, Keystone*

from many of the Polish squadrons came a stream of valuable information as to enemy reactions to the jamming.

The intention with "Mandrel" was to jam the enemy's early warning system, the idea being that if his fighter reaction against the raid could be delayed only 20 minutes a very great advantage would be gained. Associated with this were a number of high-powered ground jammers sited along the South Coast which were intended to blind the German stations across the Channel. On the night of April 26–27, 1943, a high-powered wireless transmitter with a narrow beam-operation, code name "Ground Grocer," was established at Dunwich on the East Anglian coast, and to judge from remarks heard coming from German pilots was an immediate success. A second transmitter was later established at Deal, Kent.

THE Germans found themselves forced to use very high frequencies for their communications, and jamming equipment for this was installed at Sizewell on the East Anglian coast. This produced enough noise in the enemy earphones to prevent effective control of their fighters over the Dutch coast and farther west. The operation began work on the night of July 30–31, 1943, under the title of "Ground Cigar" and remained in operation until September 17, 1944. Range limitation was an obvious objection to this, however, except as an interim measure. What was wanted was airborne equipment which would carry the jamming right into enemy territory, thus protecting aircraft of Bomber Command over the whole route to and from the target.

More investigation followed, new equipment was designed and the decision was made to equip a normal 3-flight Lancaster bombing squadron (No. 101). It was first used operationally on the night of October 7–8, 1943, in No. 1 Group, with jamming apparatus, when each aircraft carried a trained German-speaking operator as an additional crew member, whose duty it was to find and jam enemy frequencies. A normal bomb load less the weight of the operator and the equipment was also carried.

Five months had elapsed during that year before fitted aircraft were ready for the Squadron. The type of jamming is best described as a "wig-wog" noise which produced a constantly varying audible note running up and down the scale on the speech channel that was to be jammed. The receiver was an ingenious piece of equipment, specially designed for its purpose and quite unlike anything before fitted in an aircraft.

So successful was this system that the Germans were forced to use Morse telegraphy in an attempt to break through. They tried speeding up their radio-telephone messages, switching on their transmitters for only a few seconds at a time, without success. Yet another subterfuge was to transmit a continuous musical programme, breaking off suddenly to snap out an order. "Airborne Cigar" (or A.B.C., as it became known) was operated by No. 101 Squadron from October 7–8, 1943, to April 19–20, 1945.

Ghost Voice Created Nazi Chaos

The B.B.C., the General Post Office, and Cable and Wireless, joined in the "Corona" system which was to be used as a means of confusing, distracting and annoying the enemy, even to the extent of giving the German fighters instructions contrary to those which they received from their own ground controllers. Instead of transmitting "noise," as was the case with the ordinary "jamming" tactics, it was decided to use a "ghost voice"—a fluent German speaker. This was heard by the enemy for the first time on the night of October 22–23, 1943.

The target on this occasion was Kassel, and before the end of the raid there was chaos in the enemy night defence organization. A furious German ground controller was warning his aircraft to "beware of another voice" and "not to be led astray by the enemy." The "voice" not only spoke idiomatic German but could also mimic perfectly the voices of his opposite numbers. After a particularly violent outburst by the German controller, the "voice" said: "The Englishman is now swearing." The German's reply was: "It is not the Englishman who is swearing but me!"

There were many more radio devices used to counteract the enemy's frantic attempts to control the Luftwaffe fighters. Often this meant quick thinking on the part of the R.A.F. technicians who were always one jump ahead of the Germans. Right up to D-Day our technical resources were engaged in a tense fight to keep our bomber losses down to an average maximum of five per cent which was achieved.

Flying Broadcasting Station

An early attempt to deal with enemy radar by use of a warning receiver was christened "Boozer." In its original form it was simply a receiver which lit a warning lamp when the aircraft became "illuminated" by an enemy radar transmitter. The pilot changed his course until the lamp went out.

Operation "Drumstick" jammed enemy high frequency telegraph controls in the 3·0–6·0 megacycle band. "Fidget" jammed enemy telegraph commentaries and instructions to night fighters during the progress of a Bomber Command attack on the medium waveband. Enemy ground radar stations using the 300–600 megacycle band were jammed by operation "Carpet." And "Jostle" was a high-power high-altitude jammer of enemy radio-telephone communications on short and ultra short wavebands. It was in fact a flying broadcasting station, 40 times more powerful than the transmitters usually carried in aircraft.

One more device was known as "Piperack," which jammed enemy radar on the 95–210 megacycle range. With all these devices, not only was the enemy pursued with unfailing vigour but radio countermeasures in Bomber Command paid a dividend out of all proportion to the capital, in terms of effort, which was invested in it.

FOREST CAMPS FOR REFUGEES

SECRET plans for dealing with many London refugees during the War—should the need have arisen—were disclosed by the Essex County Council in December 1945. The Star reported: An inner belt of rest centres—including camp accommodation in Epping Forest, where 12,000 a day could be fed and 7,000 sleep under cover—was planned.

To meet the possibility of people going out to the surrounding country at night and returning to their work during the day, a "trekker" scheme was prepared. On every road leading out of heavily bombed areas, buildings were equipped and stocked with food, and police and wardens would have acted as guides, so that evacuees would not have had to sleep "rough."

None of those special arrangements was needed, but in 526 rest centres were accommodated 80,000 homeless persons, including 39,000 from Ilford, Dagenham, Barking, Romford and Hornchurch.

How the British are Re-educating the Germans

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

A New and Saner Order in 13,600 Schools

The Light of Knowledge shorn of Nazi taint is to shine in the 13,000 elementary and intermediate and 600 secondary schools in the British zone of Germany. Selection by the British Military Government of trustworthy staffs presents difficulties; a former Nazi woman teacher who has applied to be reappointed is examined (top) by Lieut.-Col. Hiscocks at his H.Q. in Dannenberg. Second from left is Major Stevens, responsible for education, seen (bottom) questioning a pupil.

British Military Government is Succeeding—

In Dannenberg, one of the most advanced areas in the British zone of Germany, our Military Police find their work diversified by occasional need to chase mischievous small boys (1), but everyone seems quite happy about it. Flight-Lieut. A. Theakston, R.A.F., helps to serve soup at an open-air kitchen (2). Burgomaster B. Roggan (3), prisoner of war in England during the First Great War, now keeps open-house for inquiring troops of the 8th Batt. Middlesex Regiment.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

—In Restoring Normal Life to Germany

A lucky discovery made by Flight-Lieut. Theakston is a brown-coal mine in Dannenberg. As representative of the B.M.G. he is having it excavated and prepared for immediate working; the fuel situation, at least locally, will be considerably improved. With him (4) is his manager, Heinrich Wolter, who was in charge of the building of Hitler's hide-out in the Reich Chancellery. Private Wynne Evans, of Flint, N. Wales, shares his chocolate ration with German youngsters (5).

All In a Day's Work for 'Mil. Gov.'

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

In charge of German Military Government Police in Dannenberg, Capt. W. E. Birchenall inspects his squad (1), newly issued with wooden truncheons. Check-up of motorists on the outskirts is a nightly routine for British troops and German police (2). Our men wait to enter Dannenberg Church as the local congregations file out (3). Flight-Lieut. Theakston inspecting a soap-making factory (4) which formerly manufactured T.N.T. Lieut. R. Bremner, R.A.M.C., tours hospitals (5).

"Burmese Outpost"

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

THE nature of war books has altered. Their interest now lies not so much in the war itself, which used to give them a compelling lure, but in their writers. In such books as The Monastery (see page 659), and Burmese Outpost by Anthony Irwin (Collins, 10s. 6d.), we see how the conditions of war affect the characters, the outlook, the temper of young men; and as the future depends on what men who are now young make of it, it is both useful and interesting to learn as much as we can about them.

Major Anthony Irwin, who fought with native volunteers in Burma (see pages 648–649) and has the highest opinion of them—his book, indeed, is a plea that Britain shall not forget what they did for her—has a more vivid personality than the author of The Monastery. They are both frank about their feelings, their likes and dislikes, their attitude towards "the people at Home." But Major Irwin lays about him with a more cutting whip-lash. He shouts where his fellow-major only spoke in subdued tones. Any moment he is liable to slide off suddenly into a diatribe against something or somebody and to go on hammering away at them or it in most entertaining fashion, and as a rule with a good deal of horse sense, until he thinks of another topic.

The Collapse of Civilization?

I say "horse sense," which means intelligence based on instinct rather than ratiocination, because it seems to me that Major Irwin jumps—or should we say flies—to conclusions, instead of progressing towards them by the process of thinking things out. This is what the writer of the Foreword to his book, who appears to be one of the high-ups, a general at least, though he merely signs himself "X," must mean when he touches on Irwin's "turbulence of spirit, his mixture of rebelliousness, intolerance, consideration, crudeness, yet sensitivity and loyalty" and says that this mixture "characterizes so many of the youth of our day."

I hope that last statement is correct. I hope there are large numbers of young men like Irwin. There is plenty for them to do in cleaning up the world after the two fits of madness in which we have smashed up so much, both material and moral, of what we called Civilization. I am sure they can do it if they are given the same opportunities for peace work as they had in war. All that is needed is an understanding of their potential value, and a resolve to use it, on the part of ruling persons. If they should be treated again as they were after the First Great War, the collapse of civilization will be complete.

NOT many, it is true, had the same chances as Irwin. He was responsible for an area of the Arakan about twice the size of Middlesex, he had a thousand men under him, and a cash account of £1,000 a month. All sorts of jobs came his way and were tackled with energetic readiness:

> For a month I supplied a brigade with fresh vegetables and meat because the Army system had broken down. Three times I've built or had built a complete hospital. I've had to supply labour to build an aerodrome and more labour to build roads.
>
> And at the same time I've had to do my own job; getting information; patrolling areas of Occupation; leading Army patrols on their first sortie into enemy territory; planning ambushes; keeping the people on our side with thick slices of bread and butter; smoothing over sundry crimes that will always occur in an area occupied by any but the highest trained of Forces.

"All this for a pound a day," he finishes, and you must not think he is complaining, any more than you need imagine he swanks about what he did for his pound a day. He would not claim that he was in any way exceptional, though I think perhaps in some ways he was. Most of what he did could and would have been done by any young officer with his wits about him; but I doubt if there are many who would have started a school in an Arakan village as one of those "thick slices of bread and butter" that were required to keep the Arakanese on our side.

Irwin's School in No Man's Land

War and the nearness of the enemy had caused all the schools to close down. The father of the Headman, a Moslem moulvi (priest) and a Hadji, which meant he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, was anxious about the children's education (which consisted, by the way, mainly of reading the Koran), and Irwin promised him that a school should be built. The promise was kept, and amid intense enthusiasm the opening ceremony took place. No wonder he felt proud!

> I was confident that this was the first school ever to be started in the no man's land between two war-waging armies by one of those armies. The school was only a mile from the enemy and five from our own forces, and the ceremony was held under the protection of our own Bren guns . . . What could we not do for these people, and with, if only we were able to look after them in a sensible way?

But he found very little interest taken in this most commendable activity.

WITH the tribesmen he commanded he had sympathy, and that gave him understanding of them and their problems. He liked and admired them. Why they ranged themselves on our side he found it hard to know. They have no idea "what real freedom means. They know only that the British have been running their country for many years and that they have, in return for rates and taxes, been allowed to sow and to reap, to pray and to hold their festivals. Being an ignorant people, that has been, on the whole, enough for them. But I see their lot from a different viewpoint, and it will never cease to be a wonder to me that they have not turned on us and helped the Jap to kick us out."

Major ANTHONY IRWIN, M.C., whose book is the subject of this review, was responsible for an area of the Arakan about twice the size of the county of Middlesex. PAGE 691

Now a young man who can think like that is on the way to being an intelligent grown-up person. He will go on thinking until he realizes that all any people ask from rulers is that they should be able to go about the daily affairs of life without hindrance, getting their food, clothes, shelter and such comfort as is customary among them, without having to pay too much for the privilege of being ruled. That, of course, is not so agreeable a life as animals lead, who have no taxes to pay and are provided by nature with covering for their bodies, nourishment, dwellings and occupation; but it is as much as human beings can expect, and in fact, it is as much as the great mass of human beings do expect.

THEREFORE I suggest to Major Irwin that he should not scoff at Social Security or suppose that it will prevent us from being resourceful and destroy initiative, "making life so easy that the only mass thoughts will be turned to how more to amuse ourselves—then War, for our children." On his own showing, this is nonsense. We gave those tribes in Burma security "to sow and to reap, to pray and to hold their festivals," and they stood by us in the hour of need. Why should "marshalling the State for the benefit of the people" have on Europeans a worse effect than it had on the Arakanese? Anyway, the Arakanese had quite as much "real freedom" in the Atlantic Charter sense as the vast proportion of any European or American populations.

Why, it is the absence of security that Major Irwin himself blames for our "negative non-constructive existence" between the wars. The young distrust the older folk because "they led us into these shambles." Politically the young are "unsound" and "morally pretty lax." But, they wonder, "What guarantee is there that there will not be the same class of traitor in power after the war as there was between the wars? The man who will again say that he knew that Germany was rearming and that we should rearm, but was afraid of losing the election if he told the people the truth."

Hotel Commissionaires, V.C.

He is afraid that what he once saw outside a big London hotel—"two men in bright and flashy uniforms, standing there as commissionaires, both wearing on their left breasts the ribbon of the Victoria Cross"—he is afraid he may see that again.

> Perhaps they liked the job because it kept body and soul together. It certainly fed them and their children, but I wonder what they felt as they took a ten-bob tip from a man who had made that ten bob and millions more of them out of those Victoria Crosses. "Taxi, sir?" . . . "Thanks very much" . . . "A Company will attack and . . ." . . . "The War Office regrets to inform you that your son is dead."

Sentiment? Yes, but the right sort, the healthy sort, the sort of sentiment that will pull us through if we act upon it. Irwin is rightly furious at the spurious sentiment, the slop "that the B.B.C. allows greasy young men of doubtful extraction to fill the air with—*There's a Rainbow round the Corner* or *Humpty Dumpty Heart* or *Baby Mine*." He is entitled to be equally savage against politicians who are sentimental in a different, but quite as detestable a way. But what his demand really amounts to is that he wants security; he fears "building our lives on shallow shifting soil: we want the rock, but cannot find it."

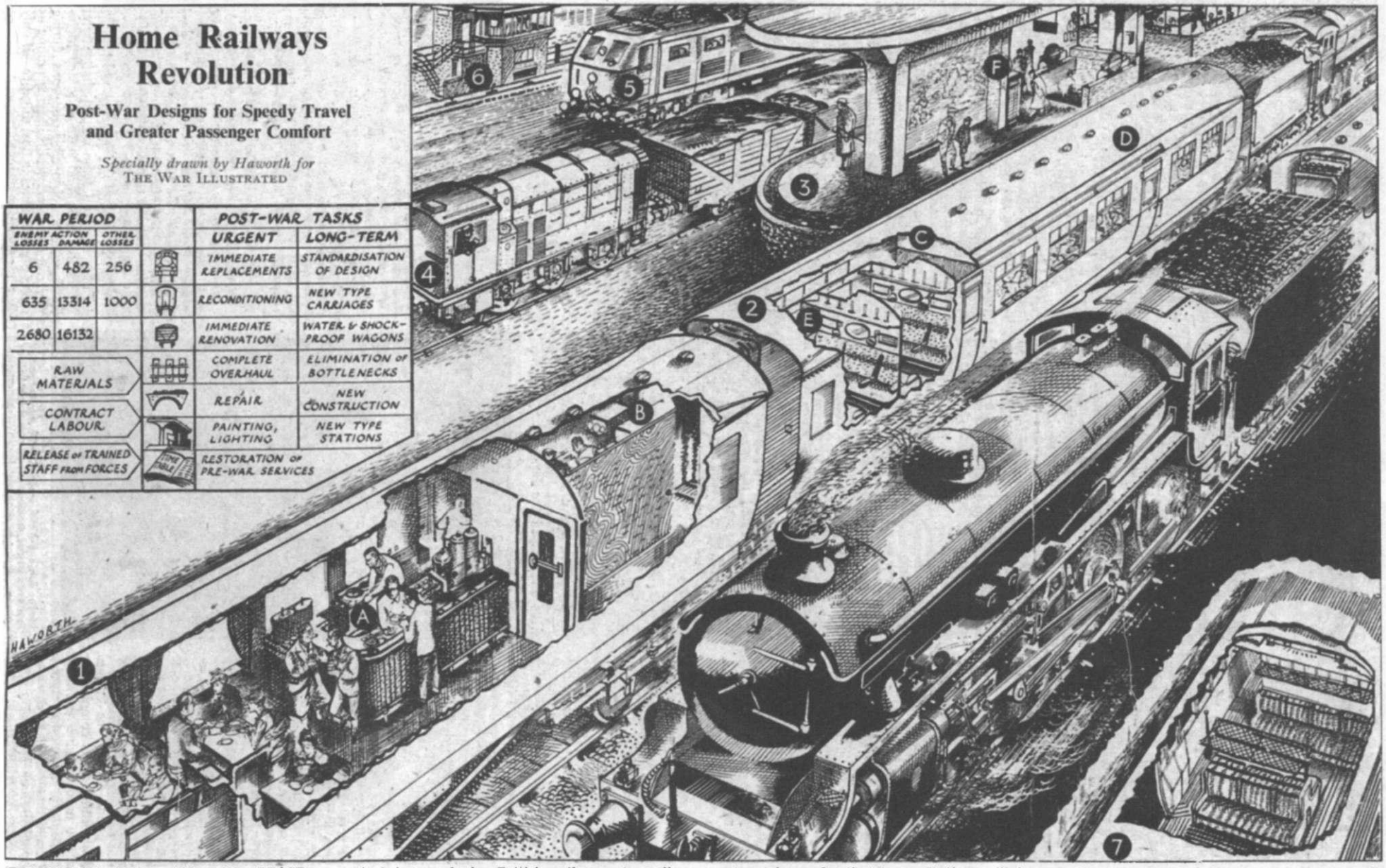
Well, I think he has done his bit towards locating it. And I am certain that he and others like him, who have acquitted themselves well in responsible positions during war, can do a great deal to help in pulling us out of our difficulties in time of peace—if only they are given the chance.

Home Railways Revolution

Post-War Designs for Speedy Travel and Greater Passenger Comfort

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

WAR PERIOD			POST-WAR TASKS	
ENEMY ACTION LOSSES	DAMAGE	OTHER LOSSES	URGENT	LONG-TERM
6	482	256	IMMEDIATE REPLACEMENTS	STANDARDISATION OF DESIGN
635	13314	1000	RECONDITIONING	NEW TYPE CARRIAGES
2680	16132		IMMEDIATE RENOVATION	WATER & SHOCK-PROOF WAGONS
RAW MATERIALS			COMPLETE OVERHAUL	ELIMINATION OF BOTTLENECKS
CONTRACT LABOUR			REPAIR	NEW CONSTRUCTION
RELEASE OF TRAINED STAFF FROM FORCES			PAINTING, LIGHTING	NEW TYPE STATIONS
			RESTORATION OF PRE-WAR SERVICES	



TRANSITION FROM WAR TO PEACE on British Railways involves not merely restoration to normal services, but striking improvements on the old standards. The enormity of the task is indicated in the small chart.

The main part of this drawing by Haworth illustrates the post-War design for rolling stock on the L.N.E.R., and with similar developments by other companies shows the progress that is being made by British railways generally. Provision is made for light meals while travelling: a post-War buffet car (1) with quick service (A). Seating accommodation and table arrangements are improved. The pantry (B), where the meals are prepared. New-type passenger coach (2) has two transverse corridors (C) and (D) in addition to the normal one. Closed compartments (E) are retained for passengers who prefer that type. Stations will be redesigned (3), and will have greatly improved refreshment and waiting rooms.

The train indicator (F) though smaller is more efficient. The Diesel-electric shunting locomotive (4) economizes in fuel and is easier to handle. Electric locomotive (5) is one of many being built. Signal boxes (6), an advance on the old pattern, are designed on the unit principle, and whilst uniform in appearance can be adapted to varying capacities. Section of a new London Transport carriage (7) showing one of three compartments; each has a separate door and all are joined by a through-corridor.

In the centre foreground is seen one of the new B 1 mixed traffic 4-6-0 locomotives, 400 of which have been built under the L.N.E.R. five-year plan. Working parts are interchangeable.

Our Firemen Carry War Methods Into Peace

Marvellous method of communication used by the British Army in the Desert Campaigns, and also by our parachute troops, the "Walkie-Talkie" takes its place in Peace as the latest radio aid to fire-fighting. It is described, specially for "The War Illustrated," by EDWIN HAYDON, until recently N.F.S. Public Relations Officer in Essex. **See also page 694.**

A WOMAN trapped on the fifth floor of a blazing factory . . . a wall, undermined by the crackling inferno, threatens to collapse and bury beneath an avalanche of debris anyone in its crumbling path . . . stalwart figures, high above the heads of the surging crowd, steel-helmeted fire-fighters limned against the crimson skyline, ask for instructions or aid. These are moments of crisis, when instantaneous communication between the keen-eyed N.F.S. officer in charge of operations at the control point—usually a radio-equipped motor-pump, van or staff car—and his men may mean the split-second difference between life and death.

Staggering through the smoking building, the unconscious woman lolling over one shoulder, a fire-fighter listens through his earphones to swift orders winging their way to him from the "chief," rapped into the hand microphone the officer holds. Another fireman, a hundred yards distant on the ground, similarly equipped with the "walkie-talkie" portable two-way radio telephone outfit, receives and passes on to a junior officer at his side alternative orders.

The officer shouts hoarsely. The crew of the nearby turntable ladder spring to action. The ladder swings into space and place as the fire-fighter, with the woman on his back, barred from reaching a window by the sea of blistering flame, thrusts her limp figure upwards through a smashed skylight to the waiting colleague crouched on the roof.

Demonstration Behind the Scenes

Surging streams of water—steaming jets at 100 lb. or more pressure per square inch—hiss from a brace of hose, manned by firemen beating back the advancing flames as, an instant later, their burdened comrade clambers down the ladder with his charge, while the watching crowd roars. Meanwhile, further radio-transmitted orders send men suddenly scattering for safety just before the east wall of the burning building disintegrates and crashes down to earth. No one is hurt—thanks to this wartime wonder of portable radio communication.

How does the "walkie-talkie"—already used successfully at several big London fires—actually work? Come with me behind the fire-service scenes. At the London Regional Headquarters of the N.F.S. a senior officer shows you around the school where officers and their drivers are being taught how to use not only "walkie-talkie" but the radio apparatus which now links—by wireless—Regional H.Q. with every "first-away" fire-fighting appliance in London—those great, red-painted motor-pumps which race to the scene of the latest conflagration—plus thirty staff cars and some seven fire-boats. He is a technical communications expert, who has dreamed of this day ever since he attended a tar-boiling job in 1922 necessitating a long water relay, and visualized the value of radio communication in establishing and maintaining immediate contact all along the thousands of feet of hose, plus boosting pumps, between the fire and the source of water supply.

A leading-fireman instructor dons the "walkie-talkie" equipment to demonstrate, while the senior officer who acts as our guide explains the various items: the haversack slung at the back which houses the battery; the small, 5-valve radio receiver and transmitter set in a steel case housed in a haversack at the operator's side, with its two-way switch and simple tuning dial easy to hand.

As the instructor plugs in the spear-like, four-foot long aerial, the officer emphasizes that the earphones are specially designed to allow them to be worn beneath a regulation steel helmet and draws particular attention to the webbed-collar "throat mike." This, it is explained, fits snugly around the neck and actually picks up the vibrations of the larynx. Advantages of this type of microphone are (1) it leaves both hands free; (2) it allows the operator unobstructed vision, which would not be the case if the mike was set in front of his mouth; (3) the throat mike is less likely to be damaged when the fireman is crawling about a building, and (4) even if a man's voice is affected by smoke and

"WALKIE-TALKIE" RADIO EQUIPMENT as worn by the N.F.S. The small receiver and transmitter set, with four-foot long aerial plugged in, is slung at the operator's side for instantaneous use. *Photo, Associated Press*

fumes a mere whisper will be heard clearly through the earphones by the control officer, who may be as far distant as 500 yards.

To prove this, the officer hands you one of the headphones, linked to a demonstration set lying on a nearby bench in the big, square basement radio lecture room, replete with maps and various types of transmitters and receivers used on motor-pumps, in fire-boats and staff cars. He switches on the set and instructs the leading fireman, who is now moving around the corridors outside, to demonstrate the "whisper" technique.

EVEN holding the earphone an inch away from your head you can hear him quite clearly chanting test messages: "Zero..1..2..3..4..5..6..7..8..9..10..I am now turning, and passing the boiler room. I am now moving towards the control room. I am now returning to the radio room . . ." At first sight, as the demonstrator reappears, still speaking, you might conclude that he was slightly mad, for he appears to be talking to himself, although not a sound reaches you directly—no, not even if you move to within a foot of him. Yet, all the same, his words come clearly and distinctly through the earphone that you hold.

Watching the class of twenty N.F.S. men receiving theoretical and practical instruction in the latest radio fire-fighting technique, the senior officer tells you that to date 50 operators have been trained in the London area to use "walkie-talkie," and that sets are available at present at Regional H.Q., at all Fire Force H.Q. in the Metropolis and also at sub-area levels. Any of these sets can be swiftly sent on to a fire when requested.

The importance of absolutely accurate messages being transmitted and received under operational conditions, when misunderstood or ambiguous information might prove disastrous—or involve avoidable fire-and-water damage—is obvious. The students therefore receive intensive, practical training in the efficient transmission and reception of standard messages.

Possibility of Error Precluded

A leading-fireman instructor, demonstrating for my benefit, sat at a central control microphone which, on the fire-ground, would actually be the H.Q. of the senior officer in charge of the fire-fighting operations, and began rapping out messages. These were received simultaneously by a dozen firemen-students, all wearing earphones and sitting with their backs to him at benches lining the walls of the lecture room. They, in turn, replied over their sets in standard terms: a system which precludes the possibility of error as far as is humanly possible in an imperfect world.

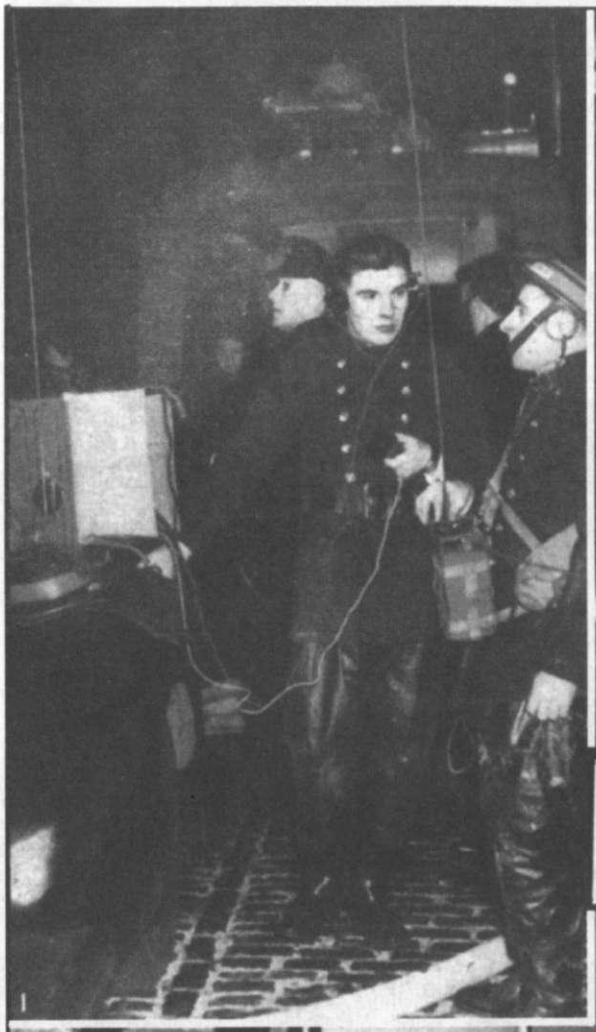
It was also pointed out that one danger—that of indiscriminate and simultaneous broadcasting by several radio-equipped machines or cars at any one fire, liable to cause tremendous confusion—must be avoided at all costs. And so, normally, only one vehicle, acting as the central fire-ground control, operates at any one time.

The eventual aim is to train every member of the London Fire Force in the use of this equipment—the course takes three days—and to carry two sets of "walkie-talkie" apparatus on every fire-fighting appliance. When that day comes communication methods like field telephones, which are unsatisfactory for use in buildings because of the trailing wire; messages by hand, which are slow; by signals, which are likely to be misunderstood; by whistles or by shouting, will no longer be necessary. Experiments are now being undertaken to discover whether the portable two-way radio telephone can be used simultaneously by a fire-fighter with artificial breathing apparatus, by means of which a man can work for a reasonable period in the thickest smoke.

Research to Secure Perfection

Emphasizing that the present apparatus is still only in its experimental stage—that much research will be required to adapt and redesign it so that, for one thing, it is sufficiently sturdy to survive rough handling, drenching with water and exposure to considerable heat and to meet fully all fire service needs—the officer pointed out that this latest development is part of an N.F.S. radio communications plan in the London area which began in 1942, when Regional H.Q. was linked with fire-appliances on the fire-grounds, with fire-boats and senior officers' cars, on similar lines to the police set-up, and which is serviced by two transmitters, one sited at Hampstead and another—a standby—at Regional Headquarters.

'Walkie-Talkie' in Action at a Big Night Blaze



SUBDUING A NIGHT CONFLAGRATION at a West Ham warehouse, London firemen were aided by the portable two-way radio telephone known as "Walkie-Talkie" (see page 693). Uninterrupted communication was maintained between the fire-fighters in the burning building and their comrades in the street (1). Fire Commander McDuell (2, left) gives orders to a talkie operator for transmission to the building; the man on the right is reporting back to H.Q. Busily engaged with a hose (3) these men are nevertheless in touch with their own particular pump working at some considerable distance.

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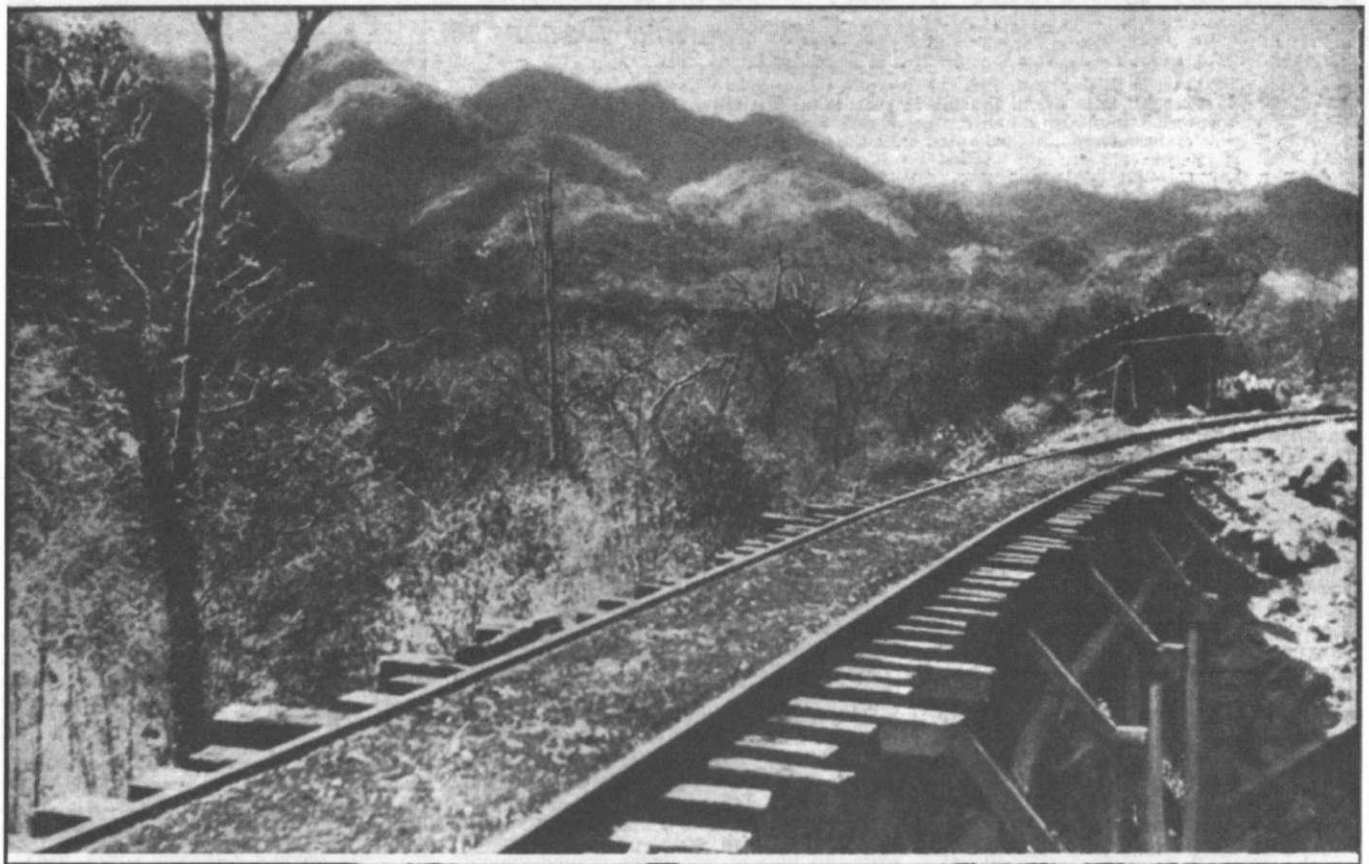
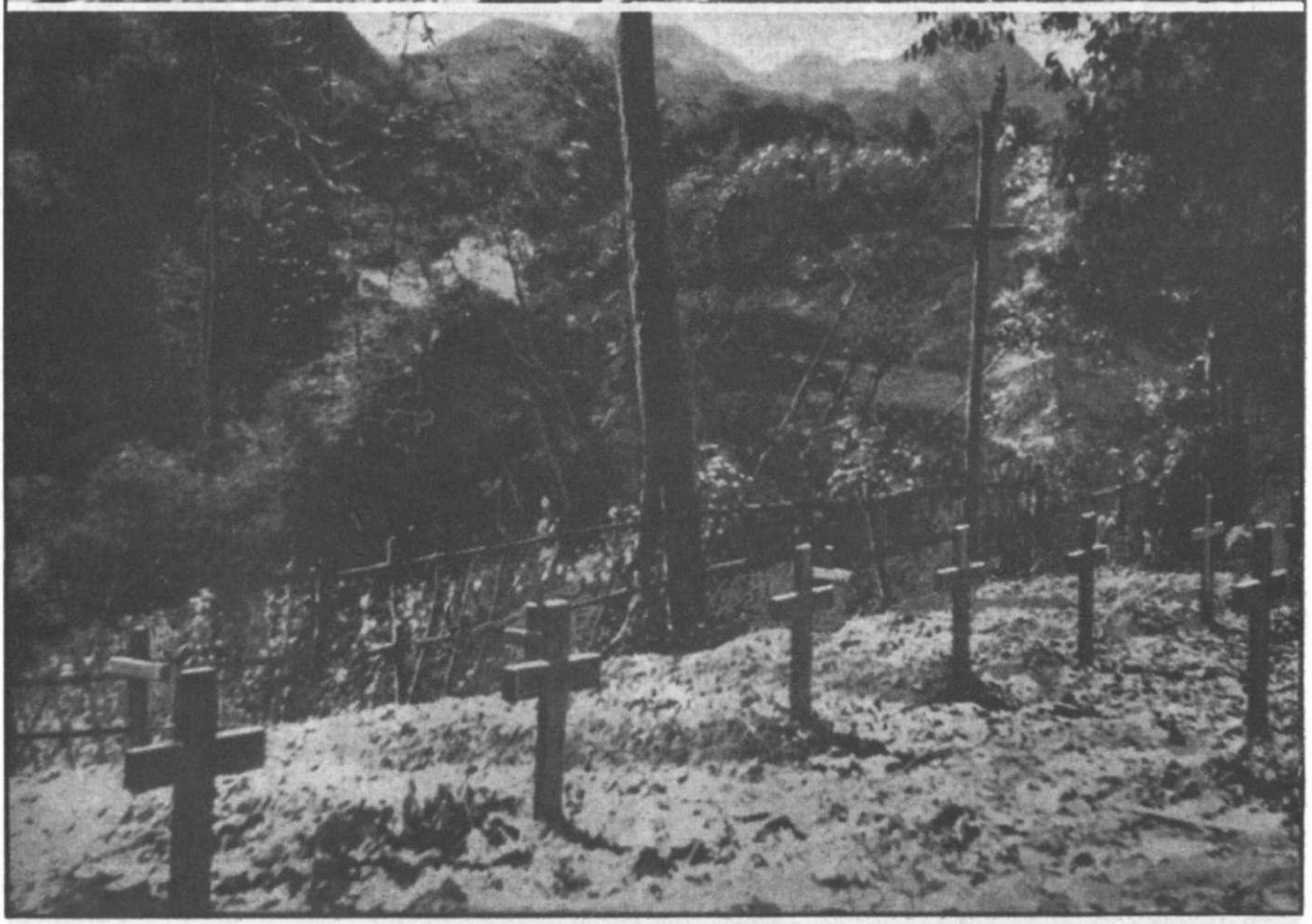
To Build This Railway 16,000 Prisoners Died





A SINGLE TRACK FROM SIAM TO BURMA, the notorious Bangkok-Moulmein railway (top) was constructed under compulsion of the Japanese by British and Allied prisoners of war and 100 000 native labourers, in 1942-43. Toiling for 17 hours a day in appalling conditions, in disease-ridden and pest-infested jungle, men died like flies : their last resting-place line-side cemeteries such as this (bottom) recently cleared by Jap gangs under Allied supervision. See also story in page 409.

Photos, The Times

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

When the German Guns First Shelled Dover

A member of the Auxiliary Fire Service in Dover when guns at Calais shelled the town in August 1940, Frank Illingworth tells specially for "The War Illustrated" this story of the sighting shots to the first full-scale bombardment of Britain from an enemy shore, and how the Royal Marine Siege Regiment replied—in the first cross-Channel gun-duel in history.

At a few minutes past nine p.m. on Aug. 22, 1940, a heavy explosion interrupted the B.B.C. news broadcast. Three more explosions followed. My housekeeper and her husband, by name Stubbs, and I collided in a frantic scramble for the front door.

"The sireens haven't gone, have they?" demanded Mrs. Stubbs. We assured her, "No!" Silence followed the last explosion. From nearby trees the blackbirds again took up their song, and owls hooted. Slowly we returned indoors, considerably mystified by the explosions—whilst a further salvo of 14-in. shells was spanning the Straits.

Warden Brown, of the Westminster Bank, came running up, looking worried. "Wouldn't be sure," he said, "but I think that's shelling. Listen! See if you can hear the stuff coming over." He lay on his stomach in the shelter of my garden wall at Kearsney, two-and-a-half miles behind Dover, as explosions tore the heavens apart and a shrapnel shell burst low overhead. We needed no more confirmation of Brown's warning. The violent descent of several tiles occasioned Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs' hasty retreat to shelter. I rushed in for my uniform; Brown headed at the double for his post.

On my way to the fire-station I heard him warning the occupants of a car not to venture into the town. Perhaps this was not the best advice, for two shells were bursting within 800 yards of us for every one in Dover itself, but we weren't to know this at the time.

Brilliant flashes over Calais and Boulogne heralded the explosion of further four-gun salvos. The town rocked, and sullen columns of brick-dust were soaring up when I arrived at the fire-station. My arrival there was usually met with remarks unsuitable as greeting even to a junior officer such as, "Whatcheer, cock!" and "Here comes Frankie!" This time there was no banter. The men stood in anxious groups. Then someone said, "We're being shelled, sir!"

Another Salvo Shook the Town

The same atmosphere pervaded the control room. Section-Officers Baynton and Campbell, G.M. (see pages 412–413, Vol. 3), were pretending to play darts; Patrol-Officer Bill Spicer, and our Chief, Sergeant Ernie Harmer, G.M. (see page 412, Vol. 3), were pretending to read; and the telephonists' knitting needles were clicking rather faster than usual. Another salvo shook the town, and Harmer said to the girls: "You'd better get across the street into the shelter—Spicer and Baynton will take over the phones."

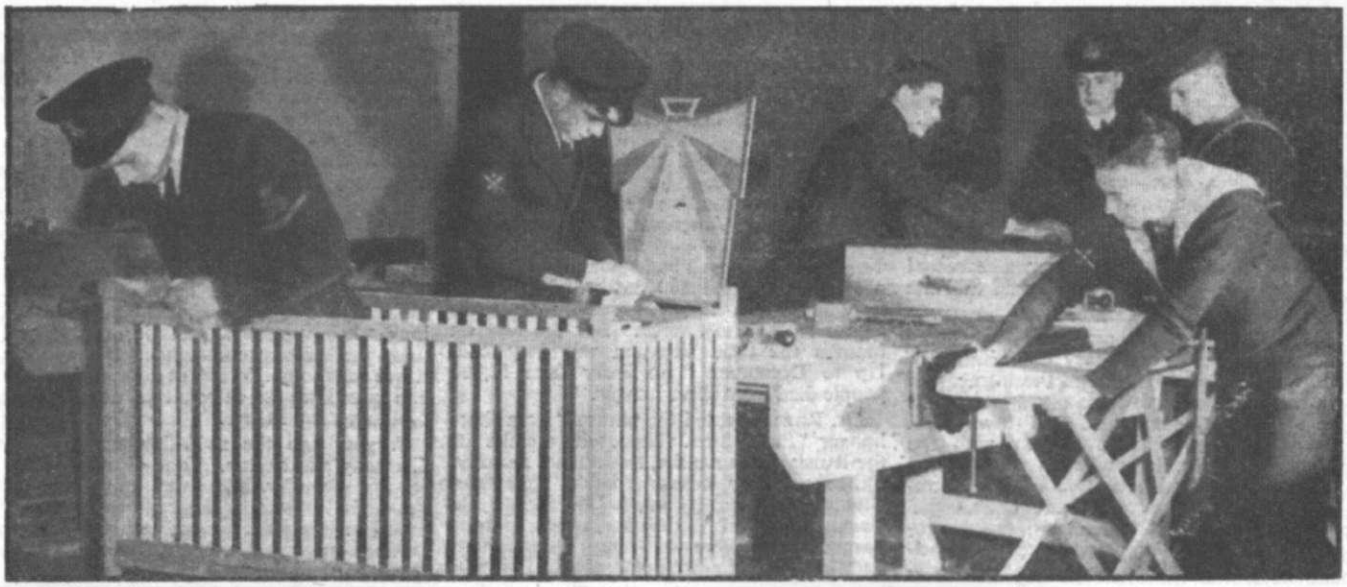
For a moment the girls exchanged uncertain glances. Then Miss Flack replied, "We'd rather stay at our post, sergeant." But tempers were strained; we had never been shelled before, and Harmer whipped around with the order: "I said get over the road—all of you get under ground—you'll be called if you're wanted!"

We retreated to the shelter. It might have been a Hollywood "set." Firemen, wardens, rescue men, women and children from the streets—friendliness, frayed tempers, and mixed drama. In one corner a nun soothed a screaming child while nearby a fireman from London, blown off his bicycle by a shell burst, muttered savagely. The Clark twins, diminutive thirteen-year-old A.R.P. messengers, played billiards. Two mothers, nursing their infants, edged farther along the bench they shared with a fireman. Into this scene came Fireman Forth, bringing

13-YEAR OLD A.R.P. MESSENGER, one of the Clark twins of Dover referred to below, was one of Britain's youngest home-front-line "men" in 1940. The twins had the honour of being presented to the Prime Minister.
Photo, Frank Illingworth

FOURTEEN-INCH SHELL FIRED FROM CALAIS is seen bursting behind the National Provincial Bank (left) in the centre of Dover, in August 1940. Another wrecked the interior of St. Barnabas' Church (right). The cross-Channel bombardment of this front-line area continued, off and on, until the autumn of 1944. The excitement and devastation caused by the 1940 "sighting shots" which heralded the full-scale bombardment of this country are described above. See also illus. in page 382, Vol. 8.

Photos, Frank Illingworth, Keystone



CARPENTRY CLASSROOM IN H.M.S. FLYCATCHER, Naval shore establishment at Middle Wallop, near Andover. Servicemen with an eye to a civilian occupation are learning to make ironing-boards, cots, toys and other much-needed household articles. For those otherwise inclined there are bricklaying, commercial and other courses designed to equip them to take their part in industry. How men from the Fleet Air Arm gain their "passport back to Civvy Street" is told below.
Photo, Associated Press

news of what was going on outside. He was covered with brick-dust and streaked with sweat, for on the way to the fire-station he had stopped to burrow for two women, the Clark sisters, whose cottage German gunners had blown to bits. "It's not too good out there," he said quietly. Civilians, we firemen had no military discipline to lean on; and I for one did not relish the idea of riding a fire-engine along streets under artillery fire.

Then Alec Campbell's raucous voice bellowed through the door: "First crew to the Catholic Church—get going!" Firemen stumbled into the night as flashes illuminated the sky over the French coast. Near the Catholic Church an ambulance was removing two sailors killed by splinters. The same shell had scattered rubble, tiles, earth and branches across the road; the stench of cordite filled the air, and through the brick-dust could be seen the gaping wall of a house near the nursing home. But there was no fire, and the crew returned to Central.

R.M. Siege Regiment in Action

The night of August 22, 1940, was not the first time we had heard shells bursting That morning I had watched German artillerymen shelling a convoy in the Straits. And ten days previously, at 11 a.m. on August 12, two sudden explosions had shaken the town, killing a man and a dog. At the time I did not recognize them as the sighting shots to the first full-scale bombardment of Britain from an enemy shore.

For three-quarters of an hour German shells crashed into the town, in up to four-gun salvos, and soared over it into the outskirts of Kearsney and River. Gun flashes over Calais, then the sharper stabs of shells exploding among our homes, showed the streets to be empty except for police and wardens sheltering in doorways.

Towards the end of the bombardment, Bill Spicer, who had been watching the flickering and reverberating heavens from the street, came into the shelter with big news: "Looks as though *our* guns are firing from the cliffs!" We went out to investigate. Sure enough, the guns of the Royal Marine Siege Regiment were in action. Brilliantly white flashes, resembling those over the French coast, flickered for brief seconds; and the roar of British long-range artillery re-echoed through the valley as the Marines opened up in the first cross-Channel gun-duel in history.

Silence had returned by eleven o'clock, and I turned for home. Groups of people were standing around the rubble. There were snatches of conversation: "One shell by the Railway Bell Hotel" . . . "One in Cherry Tree Avenue" . . . "St. Barnabas' Church has gone" . .

I cycled into a shell-hole en route to the church. A dog was running around on three legs, howling as someone tried to dispatch it. The church was wrecked. I went inside. Moonlight shone through gaping walls; brick-dust still fluttered across the rubble. The stench of cordite hung heavy over all.

Outside, a woman muttered: "When'll the Boche open up again?" She was not to know it, but the answer was, "Tomorrow and again and again for forty-nine months!"

Back to Civvy Street via H.M.S. Flycatcher

Vocational training centre for thousands of Servicemen approaching demobilization, this "stone frigate's" classrooms are filled with trainees from the Fleet Air Arm keen to succeed in civilian jobs. A visit in January 1946 is described by The Evening Standard Naval Reporter.

AIRCRAFT still fly from this "stone frigate" on the hills outside Andover, Hampshire, but there is other important work going on inside the big hangars. Bearing a ship's name, as all naval establishments do, H.M.S. Flycatcher is the vocational training centre for thousands of men leaving the Fleet Air Arm.

I saw them at work today as tradesmen, as office workers and as craftsmen. The instructors were nearly all ratings. Leading Air Mechanic J. Harratt, who was taking a bricklaying class, said: "They are not going out as experts, but they have the idea and are very keen." In charge of one of the commercial classes was Leading-seaman John Beeby, of Northampton, who, with L.M.S. office training behind him, handled the blackboard with confidence and authority. His pupils have ambitions in such varied directions as boxing promoting, estate agency, drapery and the public-house business.

"Jack the handyman" was to be seen in most sections. Kettles, frying-pans, ironing-boards, toys and even cradles were being made by the trainees. Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, Commanding Naval Air, also toured the hangars at H.M.S. Flycatcher.

"Everything is made to work," he said, as he pressed buttons and switches in the electrical section. "Captain Ede, who was minesweeping most of the War, and Commander Rumsey, the chief instructor, are astonishing me by what they can accomplish with the men in a short time. We older Navy men welcome the opportunity to give these youngsters a flying start on the way back to civilian life."

And at the end of a month's training each man who has earned it gets a slip of paper which is signed by the captain and states that he has taken a course at H.M.S. Flycatcher. It is his passport back to Civvy Street.

WELDING particularly interests this trainee at Middle Wallop, who is within sight of the end of his service with the Fleet Air Arm. See story on left. *Photo, Associated Press*

I Saw the Burned-Out Heart of Frankfort

With a party of British and Dominion correspondents, William Forrest of The News Chronicle visited the shattered town of Frankfort-on-Oder in the Russian zone of Germany on January 30, 1946, and heard from the burgomaster the terrible story of how 12,000 people have died since peace came.

IN six months of Russian occupation 12,000 people—roughly one-sixth of the inhabitants—died in Frankfort-on-Oder. The burgomaster, Dr. Ernst Ruge, told us they died "from sheer hunger." Next day the Russians produced a corrected version of his statement, which said that the 12,000 died "from all causes."

With an impressive escort of Red Army officers, led by the military commander of the town, we drove through the burned-out heart of Frankfort to keep our appointment with the burgomaster at the town hall. Dr. Ruge shook hands warmly with the Russian commander, who then presented the party of British and Dominion correspondents. We were given seats, the Russian officers sat behind us, the burgomaster's secretary prepared to take a shorthand note, and the interview began.

Before the Nazis came to power Dr. Ruge was the head surgeon in a Frankfort hospital. The Nazis dismissed him because he was anti-Fascist. He is now a member of the Social Democrat Party. We asked him to tell us what had happened in Frankfort since the end of the war, and this is what he said:

Only 24 Doctors Instead of 60

"Before the war there were 85,000 people in this town: today there are 53,000, of whom only 18,000—12,000 men and 6,000 women—are fit for work. More than 100,000 German refugees from beyond the Oder, driven out by the Poles, have passed through the town. We have also had 30,000 German prisoners of war returning from Russia. All these prisoners were ailing and unfit in one way or another—that is why they were released.

"Frankfort was the first German town they reached on their long journey home, and most of them wanted to stay here. But we could keep only four or five thousand, and of these more than half are now dead. Our means are terribly limited. We have only 24 doctors instead of the 60 we had in normal times, and the present time is so abnormal in many ways; and we have practically no medicines.

"We have ordered medical supplies from Berlin and Dresden, but so far we haven't received them, and we can't get any from the British and American zones because we can't go there to buy them. Epidemics? Yes, there has been a bad epidemic of typhoid—3,000 cases, and 800 deaths. Now there is typhus in the town—there were three deaths from it last week. For the first six months the food situation was very bad. Up to December 1 no fewer than 12,000 people died from sheer hunger."

Dr. Ruge repeated the phrase "from sheer hunger" three times. Then, with a smile for the Russian commander, he said that recently, "thanks to our Russian friends," the food situation had greatly improved. What else was there to tell? In the countryside, said the burgomaster, there had been plunderings and killings "by irregular troops without discipline or commanders." Then, on the other side of the Oder, were the hostile Poles who had driven all the Germans out and now even shot at any German who tried to fish in the Oder.

"The Poles have tried to populate their new territory with their own people, but without success," he said. "Most of the settlers who came from Eastern Poland have gone away again. Before the war 18,000 Germans lived in the suburbs of Frankfort on the east bank of the Oder—now there are only 60 Polish families there. And you can drive for miles on the other bank without meeting a soul. The villages, once peopled by Germans, are deserted. The land is empty."

In Poland's 'Western Desert'

The burgomaster's wife, who speaks excellent English, joined us, and while some of us continued to interview the burgomaster, others spoke to her. The secretary could no longer keep up her shorthand note. Thereupon the Russian commander rose and said it was time to go. We went down to the Oder and gazed across at what is now Poland. Nothing stirred there.

A year ago the swift-flowing Oder was Germany's last ditch. Today it is her closed eastern frontier. On the one side lies Poland's "Western Desert," as I heard it called in Warsaw; on the other side lies a German graveyard. After a banquet at the Russian headquarters we were escorted to Potsdam, capital of the province. Next day the Russians in Potsdam produced a verbatim typescript of our interview with the burgomaster. "The burgomaster," we were told, "has made one important correction. When he said there were 12,000 deaths from hunger he meant deaths from all causes."

Our Tunnel from Prison Camp to Freedom

One of the most sensational incidents in a German prisoner-of-war camp resulted in the break-out of 78 Allied Air Force officers. Here Flight.-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F.—who was the escape organization's forger of essential papers—concludes his story which began on page 664. In the previous part he described the preparations and the agonizing wait on March 24, 1944, for the actual "break" to commence.

THOSE who were not concerned in the escape lay wakefully in their beds, some fully dressed, waiting for the dreaded sound of—we knew not what, perhaps rifle fire—perhaps the bark of a dog or the guttural voice of a guard. Just after dusk the fateful word "Break" was given.

Experienced tunnellers completed the last few feet and broke out into the wood on the far side of the road—beyond the barbed wire. Three ropes were run out from the tunnel exit to the edge of the wood, and a guide planted himself at the end of each to direct escapists. One rope ran south for those escaping into Czechoslovakia and the southern countries, one west for those attempting a railway passage from the local stations, and one north for those making for the northern ports and Sweden.

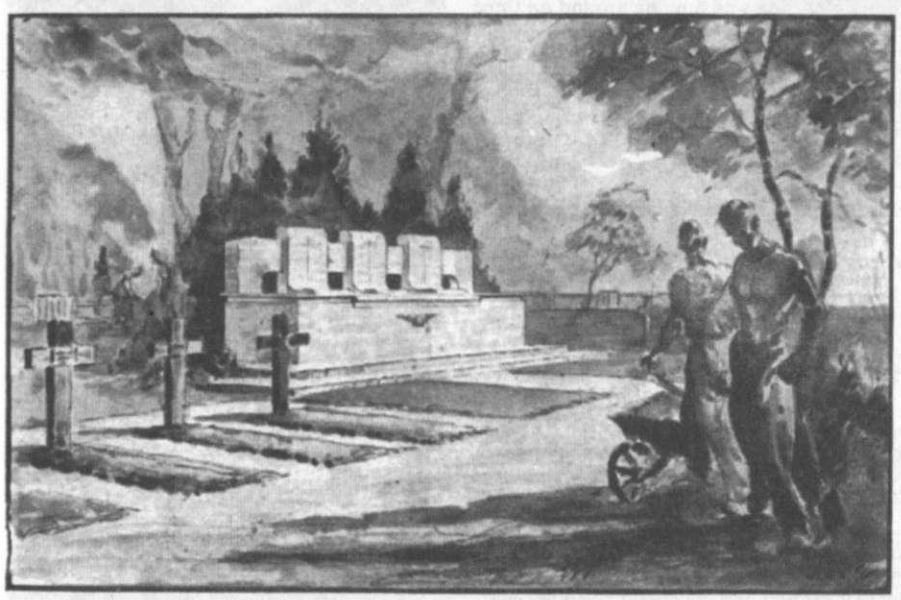
At intervals of two minutes man after man sped through the tunnel and emerged from its mouth, to disappear into the darkness of the wood. The searchlights kept up their groping, but could not be pivoted round far enough to pick up the tunnel exit—a possibility which had been considered when the first plans were drawn up. Sentries outside the wire passed within 20 feet of the exit but suspected nothing.

Double Guard Around the Camp

Throughout the night the work continued. Mishaps occurred which held up operations and prevented the full number of escapists from getting away. The displacing of a few wood shorings in the tunnel caused a serious subsidence of sand, and it took nearly an hour to clear the obstruction.

For the first time in several nights a bomber force from England attacked Berlin, only 80 miles to the north-west, and as usual the Germans switched off the electric supply. Everything was cast into darkness, whilst the ground around us shook with the impact of bombs. Trickles of sand dropped through between the supporting bed-boards with every blast. Ages passed before emergency spirit lamps could be passed along the tunnel, then once again the trollies moved forward with their human cargo. Extra care had now to be taken, as the guard around the camp was doubled during local air raids.

It was just before five. Dawn was breaking over the snow-covered ground when the dreaded sound came—a shot. A sentry passing near the tunnel exit saw a movement in the undergrowth and let fire with his rifle. He missed his target but gave the alarm. We in our beds knew it was the end. Within seconds hell broke loose. Hordes of German guards swarmed into the camp.



CEMETERY AT STALAG LUFT III, near Sagan, Upper Silesia—site of the ill-fated break-out by Allied Air Force officers described here. Two officers, members of a camp working-party, are seen near the impressive memorial to fellow-prisoners who perished there.

From a drawing by Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F.

Window-shutters and doors in all the blocks were bolted and barred—some were nailed up—and word was shouted down the corridors that no one was to move from their rooms on any pretext.

Harry's block was ransacked by the Germans. Furniture and walls were stripped in the guards' efforts to find all our escape material. Of the 160 officers who were to escape only 78 got away. The unfortunates who were left behind were driven out into the cold, paraded, counted a dozen times, and almost completely stripped by the frenzied guards in their endeavour to find everything concealed on their persons. The camp commandant, wearing pyjamas under his overcoat, stormed up and down, flourishing a revolver and thrusting all who showed the slightest signs of resistance or flippancy—German guards and prisoners alike—into the camp gaol.

WILD-EYED Huns with guns, fearful of their own responsibility and perhaps of their lives, posted themselves at every vantage point whilst the search went on. Hours

DEFEATING BOREDOM during their captivity at Stalag Luft III the prisoners organized Rugger matches and other sports and games. Hobbies also came in for serious attention in spite of the woful scarcity of materials. And ever-present were galling thoughts of Home and the possibilities of escape.
Photo, Flight.-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F.

To all Prisoners of War!

The escape from prison camps is no longer a sport!

Germany has always kept to the Hague Convention and only punished recaptured prisoners of war with minor disciplinary punishment.

Germany will still maintain these principles of international law.

But England has, besides fighting at the front in an honest manner instituted an illegal warfare in non-combat zones in the form of gangster commandos, terror-bombs and sabotage troops even up to the frontiers of Germany.

They say in a captured secret and confidential English military pamphlet.

THE HANDBOOK OF MODERN IRREGULAR WARFARE:

"... the days when we could practise the rules of sportsmanship are over. For the time being, every soldier must be a potential gangster and must be prepared to adopt these methods wherever necessary."

"The sphere of operations should always include the enemy's own country, any occupied territory, and in certain circumstances, such neutral countries as be at using as a source of supply."

England has with these instructions opened up a non military form of gangster war!

Germany is determined to safeguard her homeland, and especially her war industry and provisional centres for the fighting fronts. Therefore it has become necessary to create strictly forbidden zones, called death zones, in which all unauthorized trespassers will be immediately shot on sight.

Escaping prisoners of war entering such death zones, will certainly lose their lives. They are the cause in greatest danger of being mistaken for enemy agents or sabotage groups.

Urgent warning is given against making future escapes!

In plain English: Stay in the camp where you will be safe! Breaking out of it is now a damned dangerous art.

The chances of preserving your life are almost nil!

All police and military guards have been given the most strict orders to shoot on sight all suspected persons.

Escaping from prison camps has ceased to be a sport!

DEATH ZONES WARNING issued in the camp by the German authorities as a deterrent to prisoners contemplating a "break." See centre column, this page.
Photo, Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F.

passed before we were released from our blocks and the whole camp was driven on to the parade ground, where we remained until late in the afternoon. Time after time we were counted. As mathematicians the Germans were hopeless, and by the end of the day they were still arguing with each other on the final score. We, of course, used every means possible to make their task more difficult.

To Be Shot Immediately on Sight

The climax to this break-out ? Only three officers—a Dutchman and two Norwegians—reached England. Fifty of the others were shot, in the words of the Commandant, "whilst trying to re-escape." We know better. The few that were eventually brought back to the camp told us of the days they spent in the infamous Gestapo jail at Goerlitz : of how a guard would visit the cells and read out names, whereupon those on the list would be led away never to be seen alive again. We knew that none of them would have attempted to re-escape after all his essential escape equipment had been taken from him—and probably his boots, as well. As a result of all this, severe impositions were placed upon those of us left behind. What the Germans called "Death Zones," covering practically the whole of Germany, were instituted, in which all unauthorized trespassers would be immediately shot on sight. This interesting information was presented to us in the form of leaflets planted around the camp at night, by their security men. Our guards completely lacked any sense of humour : they just couldn't face the ridicule to which they would have been subjected had they openly given us those leaflets in daylight ! However, we collected the bits of paper and returned them !

Individual escapes continued, and work on our last tunnel—George—was immediately started. George was shorter but just as elaborately equipped as Harry. Its entrance was concealed under one of the 300 Red Cross box seats in the theatre, and work down there continued even during the musical and theatrical shows which were put on practically every night of the week.

How I Hid My Tunnel Drawings

In the event of the German guards deserting their posts at the end of the War, we had planned to use this tunnel to put out our recently formed commando parties to take over—if necessary with a pitched battle—all the resources such as the armoury, ammunition dump, water and electricity supplies, necessary to sustain life in the camp until our Allies the Russians arrived. But we were force-marched away from the camp in January 1945, before it was necessary to put this plan into operation.

The drawings I made in the tunnel were done several weeks before the pre-arranged date for the big break. I was asked by the committee to carry out this series to record permanently the masterpiece of tunnel engineering. I worked on them in extremely difficult conditions. Sometimes I lay on my back and used the roof of the tunnel as a drawing desk. The heat was intense, though the ingenious air conditioning pumps were operated throughout.

When the drawings were completed they were packed away into an airtight canister, made of dried milk tins, and hidden in our underground dispersal chamber for recovery when required. Months later, when we received the order to march, we were given only an hour's notice. The Russians were 30 miles away. There was insufficient time to rescue the drawings and other escape material from this chamber, which was the workshop of Dick.

ITS entrance was beneath the grill of a drain in a shower-house, and the side of the concrete wall of the drain had to be removed to gain entrance to the shaft, and replaced and sealed afterwards if the drain was to be used. So we flooded this tunnel with water from the showers as a precaution against the Germans finding our documents hidden there. They remained there for another five months, surviving the occupation of the camp by the Germans, who used it as an advance military depot until they were at last forced to withdraw by the Russian advance south of the Oder.

The drawings were eventually found, unscathed, by a British officer, who was too sick to leave the camp with the main body of prisoners, and remained in the hospital. After his release he descended with other officers into the dispersal chamber. He found that the flood-water had seeped away and had not damaged the escape material. Much of this material has since been brought to England—including, of course, my drawings, which are the only authentic records of the tunnel in existence.

★ As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War ★

1940

February 16. *H.M.S. Cossack rescued British from prison-ship Altmark in Norwegian fjord.*

1941

February 25. *Mogadishu, capital of Italian Somaliland, captured by E. and W. Africans.*
March 1. *Bulgaria joined the Axis ; German troops entered Sofia, the capital.*

1942

February 27. *Battle of Java Sea began ; Allies lost five cruisers and six destroyers.*
February 28. *Combined Operations raid on radiolocation station at Bruneval, Normandy.*
March 1. *Japanese troops landed in Java.*

1943

February 25. *German attack in Faid Pass-Kasserine area of Tunisia finally held.*

1944

February 16. *Second German attack at Anzio.*
February 22. *Krivoi Rog, iron-ore centre in the Dnieper Bend, recaptured by Russian troops.*

1945

February 19. *U.S. forces landed on Iwojima, Volcano Is., after two months' bombardment.*
February 26. *Flying Fortresses and Liberators made biggest daylight raid on Berlin.*
March 1. *U.S. 9th Army captured Munchen-Gladbach ; U.S. 3rd Army occupied Trier.*

When Aircraft Travel Faster than Sound

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris has been credited with saying that we have seen the last of the great bombing wars employing huge fleets of aircraft for that purpose. But he has not elucidated this statement by any prophetic outline of the nature of future conflict, if such there is to be. In any case, whether there ever is another great war or not, there is as yet no real evidence that the Great Powers are prepared to give up the national sovereignty that arises from the possession of arms.

Lord Halifax, speaking in New Jersey on February 4, 1946, was reported to have said to the Americans . " Probably neither your nation nor mine would be prepared today to take the risk of leaving security exclusively to some international force." The differences between Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Bevin in the Security Council of the United Nations over British troops in Greece lends point to this statement, for there was never any suggestion that the British troops should be replaced by an international force.

Thus it is reasonable to suppose that the institution of the United Nations will not in the near future cause the Great Powers to give up their own armaments. However willing they may be to assist some international structure to deal with smaller disputes, they see clearly enough that their own prestige within the United Nations organization depends upon their own economic and military strength.

GREAT Nations' Triple Purpose in the Development of Aircraft

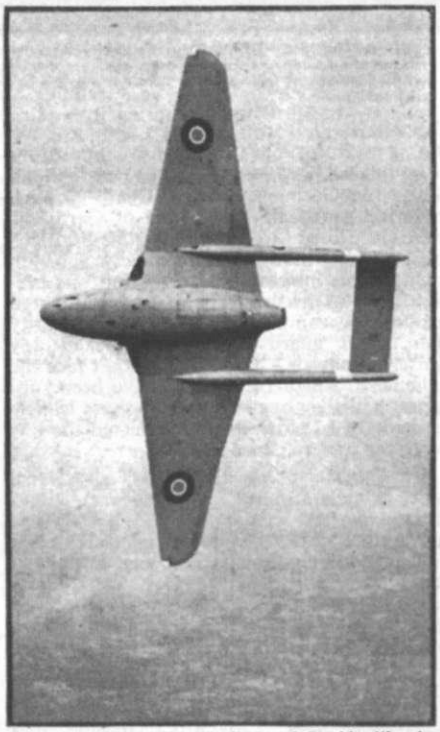
I do not propose to carry this argument into the political field. But it seems obvious that in the military field this means that there will be a continuation of armaments development by all the Great Powers. What this entails is best seen by comparing police forces with armies. Police forces have not shown any tendency to desire more powerful arms, and have played no part in armament development. Therefore if the world could be controlled from international crime by a police force, the stimulus to arms development could cease, because the police would be operating against unarmed criminals and could enforce law and order with the minimum of the simplest arms.

But the world has seen in recent decades how criminals have taken advantage of fast transport vehicles. The development of the motor-car has played a great part in crime. And against a world police force armed with simple weapons there is no doubt that the aeroplane would also be used to play a great part, and perhaps a greater part than the motor-car, in crime. Thus, any world police force would have to possess the fastest types of aircraft to suppress such criminals. For this reason and because of air transport development, it is certain that there will be a continuing progress in aircraft, whatever may be the outcome of present tendencies in the sovereignty in arms.

IT is not only the atom bomb which brings the desire to retain arms as part of sovereignty. Far more it is the existence of varying political structures among the nations. And without political unity there can be no sure foundation for a single world order. That is the goal towards which the world is moving, but until it is reached there will be manifold scientific advances in armaments, and the retention of great armed forces to strengthen the different political outlooks of the great nations.

There is therefore on the part of the great nations a common desire to develop aircraft for the triple purposes of military strength, civil transport, and police security. This means that the progress in aircraft design will be rapid, and by 1950 at the latest we should see gas turbine engined aircraft crossing the Atlantic at fast speeds and considerable heights, carrying up to nearly 100 persons (crew and passengers).

We shall have entered the era of engines of 10,000 horse-power for aircraft. When we recall that the most powerful engines used in Allied bombers during the Second Great War did not exceed 2,500 horse-power, we gain some idea of the progress in various directions that these new and far more powerful engines will make possible.



JET-PROPELLED, the all-metal De Havilland Vampire has flown at 540 miles per hour. Speed of sound is about 743 m.p.h. at sea level. See also pages 571 and 573. *Photo, Charles E. Brown*

In aircraft, engine power can be utilized in two ways. First, it can be employed to lift greater loads and numbers of passengers by making possible the construction of larger aircraft. Secondly, it can be used to attain greater speed. And it is possible to strike a compromise between these two extremes.

What has been done in recent years is best seen by the table I give in the panel below.

Year	Aircraft	Horse-Power	Speed
1938	Hurricane	1,050	335 m.p.h.
1939	Spitfire	1,050	367 ,,
1943	Tempest	2,200	435 ,,
1944	Spitfire	2,040 (with triple supercharger)	450 ,,
1945	Meteor	6,000 (about)	606 ,,
1950	?	20,000	700-800

From this table it is apparent that it is the gas turbine, commonly called the jet engine, which has produced the recent jump in speed, and which offers the possibility of reaching and exceeding the speed of sound (around 743 miles an hour at sea level).

When discussing high speeds, technicians use words that are not in common use. I mean such expressions as " compressibility " and " supersonic." And they are worth a moment to explain. Air is a gas and is therefore capable of being compressed into smaller volume by pressure, whereas water, being a liquid, cannot be compressed into smaller volume. But when air is sufficiently compressed it begins to assume the characteristics of water, and aircraft begin to experience this condition when their speed begins to approach the speed of sound.

I have seen objects in wind tunnels through which the air can be driven at speeds at and far above the speed of sound (up to nearly 1,400 miles an hour, in fact), creating a compression wave due to the pressure caused by their obstruction to the airflow. At the speed of sound this wave (which is visible both to the human eye and that of a camera) stretches out at right angles from its nose straight across the path of the object.

PROBLEMS Arising From Terrific Pressure at Supersonic Speeds

As the air speed increases into supersonic (or over the speed of sound) speeds, the wave bends progressively backwards until it is shaped like the two outward lines of a broad arrow. At some sufficiently fast speed it will completely envelop a streamlined object within a cloak of air possessing properties like those of water to a swimmer. The effect on aeroplanes of these phenomena are referred to as problems of compressibility.

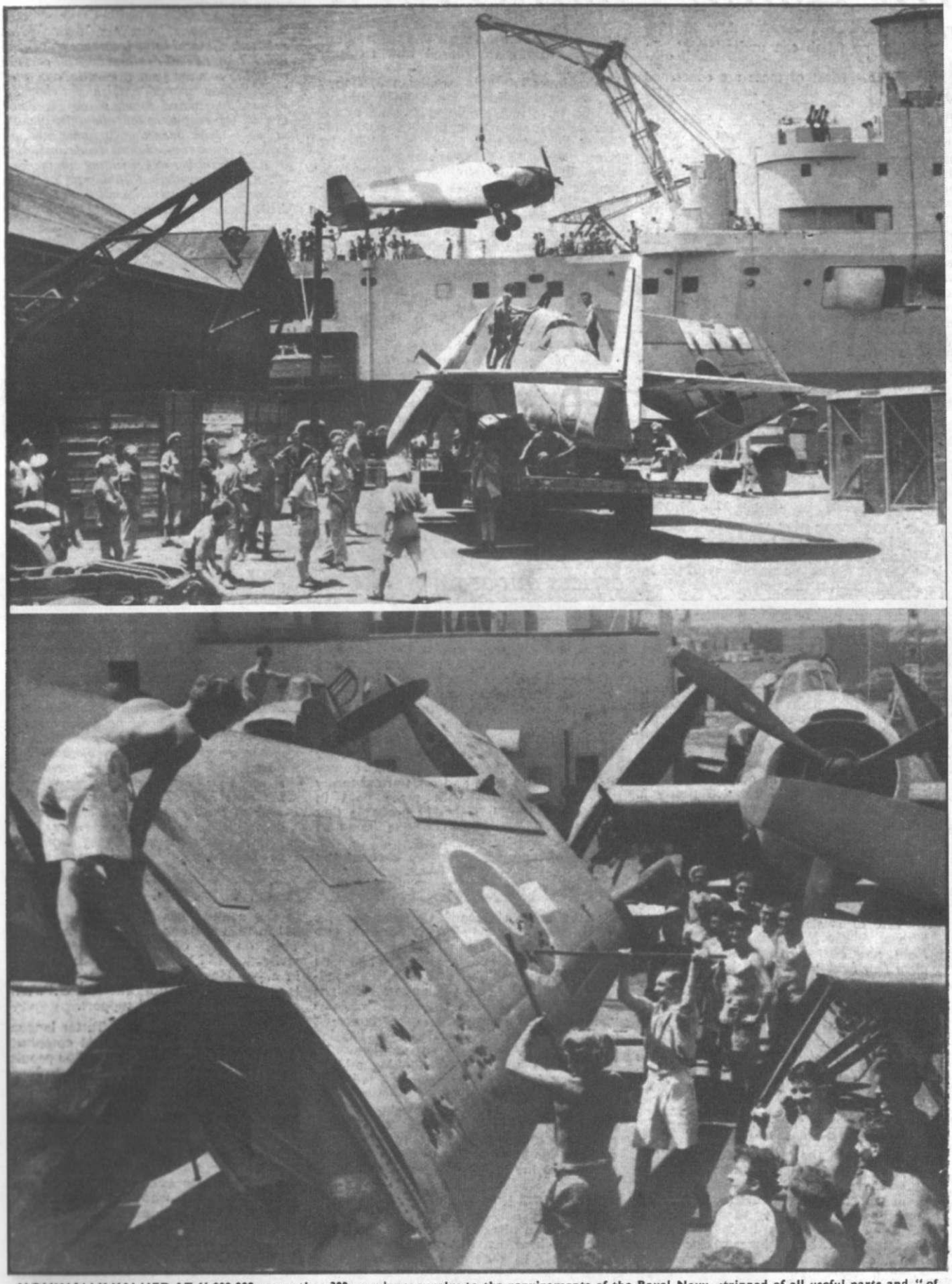
Shells, bullets, some bombs and the V2 rocket all travel at speeds above that of sound. So quite a lot is known about designing for supersonic speeds. But when the complicated structures of aeroplanes are designed to travel at or above the speed of sound, many new factors arise. Wings must not flutter or they might break. Air controls must be adequate for the pilot to maintain stability at landing speed, and yet not feel solid under the terrific pressure of supersonic speed ; they must be free from all backlash or buffeting or they might break up the aeroplane in the air. The fuselage and wing coverings must be able to withstand the enormous air pressure outside, especially if fuselages are to be pressurized to enable their occupants to travel in comfort at great heights, for in this case leakages are not permissible. Rivets must not deform or break. There was some evidence of rivet looseness after the record speed runs of the Meteor in Nov. 1945. (See illus. page 477.)

PARACHUTES will have to be redesigned to stand up to the fierce strain of opening at supersonic speeds. Possibly it will be necessary to have several parachutes opening in relays, first a small one to check the initial forward speed of the disemplaning airman, then a second to reduce his velocity still further until it is safe for the final landing canopy to break open and bring his vertical descent rate down to the normal parachute landing speed of about 12 miles an hour.

Automatic anti-collision radar devices will have to be invented for jet-planes flying at these speeds. Already there has been one collision between two Meteors. Jet-bombers will have to release their bombs perhaps ten miles from the target, or use parachute check gear and release them directly over the target.

Moscow will be two aeroplane hours from London, New York four. San Francisco and Moscow will be six hours apart. Rockets will travel between them in a few minutes. The late F./Lt. J. Llewelyn Rhys, when flying bombers five or six years ago, wrote that " England is my village." Jet-planes will make Britain a village in one country called the world. This conception is mankind's only safeguard from the crucifixion of his species in the future that we face today.

Royal Navy Planes Are Dumped in the Pacific



NOMINALLY VALUED AT £6,000,000, more than 300 warplanes surplus to the requirements of the Royal Navy, stripped of all useful parts and "of no value to anybody," were recently loaded aboard escort carriers in Sydney Harbour, taken out to sea and dumped, on orders from the Admiralty. On the quayside (top) one is being swung aboard the carrier Pioneer, on whose flight deck (bottom) dismantled planes are assembled. They included American Corsairs, Hellcats, Avengers, and British Barracudas; some were new, but most had been flown. PAGE 701 *Photos, Planet News*

The Editor Looks Back

THOSE ECONOMISTS Mar. 23, 1940

"Things no fellah can understand." In wartime their number increases beyond all computation. Most of these are concerned with the (to me) obscure, mysterious and always-wrong science of Economics. Why bank rates should go up when you expect them to go down, why shares in steel-producing companies should recede when the companies are choked with orders for their produce, why too much gold in a nation's treasury should produce a devastating slump in industry . . . these and a multitude of other queer things can be glibly explained by our "economists." But one of the things I learned in the years of the First Great War was never to do what an "economist" advises. The more distinguished he was the more surely would the event give the lie to his advice. Which is a solemn fact. Doing the exact opposite would have produced the most satisfactory result.

AND I am of the same opinion still. It may be a case of invincible ignorance on my part, but time will tell how wisely our economists have handled the great problems of finance which have recently been the chief concern of the world, and from lack of understanding I am content to leave it to time.

BUMBLEDOM Mar. 30, 1940

One never knows what actuates the official mind. I took a journey by car not long ago to witness for myself the result of a Nazi hit on a coastal object, adequately reported in the official news at the time. There were a good many sightseers already on the spot, and what seemed to be effective police control already in action. I had my camera and binoculars with me. A courteous and obliging policeman stopped my car and asked if I had either or both of these, and on being truthfully answered he relieved me of them. As I had not taken the precaution to secure an official permit to take photos at points where there might have been official prohibition (in any case I could have published none without the Censor's approval) I surrendered the apparatus in question. But a few hundred yards on I counted nearly a score of persons who had not passed along the motor road, thereby escaping police interrogation, calmly clicking their cameras and observing through their binoculars all that was to be seen. Officialism moves in a mysterious way its duties to perform.

THE episode described (so characteristic of Bumbledom) occurred at the burning of the S.S. Barnhill, off Langney Point, near Eastbourne. The young Huns often flew back to have another crack at it, but some remains of its hulk are still to be seen; and during the recent gales all along the South Coast there was an exciting moment when a drifting mine seemed about to give the old ship its coup de grâce. *But just as it came alongside and the spectators were prepared to cheer the big bang, some undercurrent swept the mine harmlessly past the wreck.*

1,000,000 PETS DESTROYED Apr. 6, 1940

To me one of the saddest bits of news in the papers today is the statement that in the first week or two of the War nearly one million pet animals were destroyed. As an animal lover, I can testify to the deep and abiding joy I have had in the companionship of a succession of half a dozen canine friends whose happy lives intertwined with my own through well nigh half a century. To the curmudgeonly ones who look upon dogs and cats as mere "beasts that perish"—wherein I fail to distinguish any tremendous shoreless gulf between them and their fellow-creatures who have learned how to wear clothes and drive motor-cars—to all such the dog-lover is stupid, sentimental, sloppy . . . so why bother about them? But to all who have had the good fortune to experience that companionship of our four-footed fellow-mortals sung by Scott, by Byron, Burns, and innumerable men and women of feeling in all ages, it is a melancholy thought that one million were destroyed—needlessly, as it would now appear—under threat of widespread air raiding, evacuation and food rationing. What an extinction of precious, humanizing affection! Let's hold on to our pets as long as possible and only in the last resort contemplate extinguishing their lives which, at best, are all too short.

THE present demand for dogs and cats as indicated by the "Wants" columns of the Daily Press, may have arisen from the rather indiscriminate slaughter. I have it on good authority that some hundreds of Eskimo dogs, or huskies, had to be "put to sleep" when the need for an invasion of Norway disappeared. They had been trained at great expense in the North of Scotland with a view to doing team work on the snowfields of Norway. It seems a pity some more useful end for them could not have been devised. Of course, they were hardly suitable as pets. The voluntary relinquishment by large numbers of our people of their dogs for War service has ended in happier manner (see page 587).

OFFICES OUT-OF-TOWN Apr. 6, 1940

One far-reaching financial effect of the large-scale evacuation so hastily undertaken by many large firms, insurance offices, banks and central organizations, at the beginning of the War is likely to be a reduced demand for London business premises after it is over. I know of one company which for many years has been paying a rental of £2,500 for its London office that is now functioning quite satisfactorily from a country house in Surrey the rental of which is only £100. If firms are able to carry on their business from country addresses where rents and rates are absurdly low by comparison with those paid in Central London, it is highly probable that they will endeavour to continue doing so when the War is over. After all, a vast amount of the office work that is conducted in London could as easily be done in the heart of Surrey or Sussex, leaving only a skeleton staff to maintain the necessary London contacts.

SO far as I can gather, my forecast looks like being at least partly realized. Several large insurance offices with which I have small dealings are still carrying on in the country quite efficiently, and if the "wide open spaces" which the bombing so quickly created round about St. Paul's are, as we have been told, in some measure at least to be turned into boulevards and green parterres before rebuilding commences, it is clear that there will not be as much office accommodation available for city offices as before the blitz. Perhaps this may result in taller buildings going up.

WAR IN PICTURES Apr. 20, 1940

No one has been more considerate than I in his criticism of our Ministry of Information. For I know something of their trouble with red-taped (no, not tabbed) Service departments. The M.O.I. must take the blame. I take off my hat to Dr. Goebbels. He may be a liar and a knave and an incarnation of all things bestial, but he knows his business better than any of the folk that have got into cushy jobs at his opposite number in London. I can get dozens of photos of what the Huns are doing in Norway, but not a single one of what we are doing. Two weeks ago I published a photo showing some German soldiers about to disembark from a Nazi transport at Oslo. It had been telegraphed to New York, and then retelegraphed to London (at a cost of sixty guineas, incidentally), and I had to pay a modest special fee for its use in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

NOT until America came into the War was there any real improvement in the supply of photographs. The Huns were completely our masters in this respect, during the earlier months, and only when the Russians and the Americans joined in with their better equipment and the better sense of the value of pictorial news did our M.O.I. begin to drop its antiquated notions of how the public demand for the actualities of photography should be met. Latterly the British service of war pictures was almost up to the quality though never the quantity of the American. Another way in which we lagged behind to the very last: the news reel. I went every week of the War to the News Cinema, and there were occasions when one might have thought that the only armies showing any activity were American.

※ POSTSCRIPT ※

I HAVE seldom listened to more effective broadcasting than E. M. Forster's two Sunday-night talks on India. Forster is such a master of the microphone that I imagine his scripts must rank, with "Max's," as broadcasting classics. Some years ago a colleague of mine, then at Broadcasting House, was "auditioning" a group of "buskers" (theatre-queue entertainers) for a London programme. Among the apparently would-be aspirants was a sparse-looking middle-aged man in cap and mackintosh, who sat nervously on the edge of his chair, glancing at the studio-clock. After ten minutes' agony he rose and introduced himself nervously to my colleague. It was E. M. Forster, due to go on the air! He had been shown into the wrong studio by mistake.

CELEBRATING their twentieth birthday soon is U.F.A.W.—in other words, the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare—about whose activities I wrote in a recent Postscript. In their new prospectus, gaily illustrated by "Fougasse," I read that the number of experiments performed on animals in this country has steadily increased from 311 in 1883 to "about a million per annum." This, on top of the fact that no anti-vivisection Bill has reached a second reading in either House since that very same year, is surely sufficient justification for U.F.A.W.'s continued existence and support.

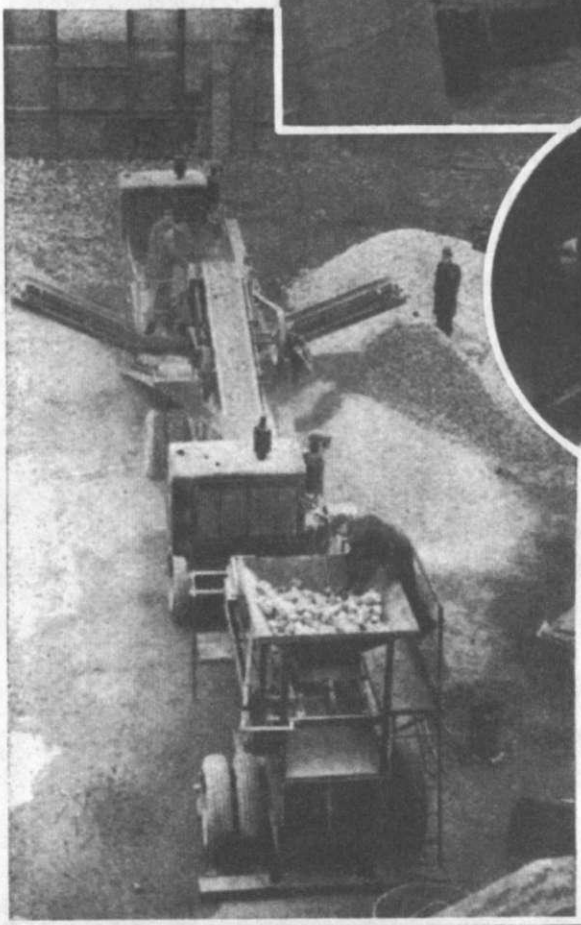
STRAW in the wind? The Tartar language, one of the oldest and most complicated in the world, spoken by 30,000,000 people in Central Asia, is being translated into English—in the shape of the first Tartar-English dictionary and grammar. So far, Tartar has been translated only into Chinese.

LAYER upon layer of Nazi hypocrisy is being torn away as the war criminals' trial at Nuremberg proceeds. Latest flash of illuminating evidence comes from a Belgian witness who disclosed that the Germans collected some 3,000 tons of metal in his country by seizing church bells under an order entitled "Artistic Protection." That, I suppose, would cover Goering's looted Botticellis as well—to say nothing of the countless art treasures filched by the other Nazi leaders from the Germans themselves.

In Britain Now: Salvage for Home-Building

BLOCK-HOUSE erected at the end of Folkestone Pier during the threat of the German invasion in 1940, and nearest point to the French coast, was recently demolished. Workmen are seen using pneumatic drills on the concrete structure (right), overlooking the well-known harbour.

DEBRIS from London air-raid shelters now being demolished is ground and crushed by this plant (below) at Bridge Mills, S.E. It provides bricks, sand and concrete for new houses planned by the L.C.C. and a new basic material formed from the crushed debris is suitable for making exterior walls and partition blocks for interior walls.



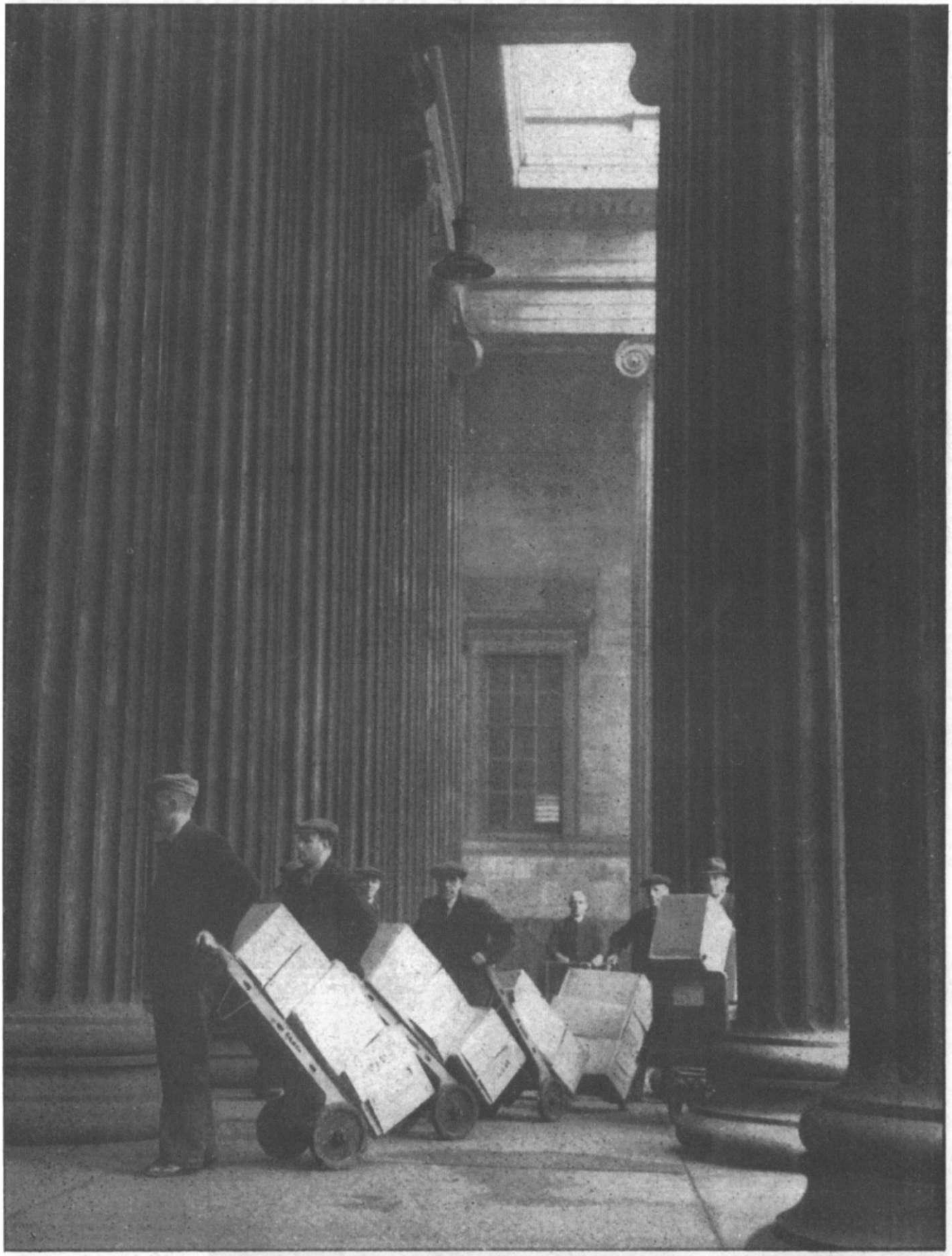
MAGNA CARTA, most perfect copy of the four in existence, was returned to Lincoln Cathedral on January 24, after having been deposited in the U.S. Congress Library for seven years. It was loaned for the New York World's Fair, 1939, and travelled back in the Queen Elizabeth. Mr. R. S. Godfery, Cathedral Clerk of Works (above), using a tin-opener on the lid of the 60-lb. metal box containing it.

Photos, Hamlins, Planet News, Keystone, Fox, Topical

FAMOUS PAINTINGS, including some 800 from the Tate Gallery and 200 from the London Museum, which were stored during the War 80 feet below the surface of Piccadilly Circus, were removed on February 4, 1946. They had been housed in a disused part of the Piccadilly Tube at Piccadilly station. The pictures are here being taken up one of the escalators (above)

PREFABRICATED OFFICE, first to be erected in the City of London, has been completed on a Fenchurch Street bombed site. The building, which has 18 rooms, a water-tower and skylight ventilation, stands amid heaped concrete blocks (left). Literally built from scrap, it was erected by five men in three weeks; cost, about £2,000.

Treasures Come Home to the British Museum



FROM THEIR WARTIME REPOSITORY AT SKIPTON CASTLE, Yorkshire, where they had been for six years, 20 tons of precious manuscripts and ancient documents were returned to the British Museum, Bloomsbury, on January 30, 1946. Guarded by police and railway detectives, they were brought to London in " house-to-house " containers which were padded, locked and sealed, and are here seen on their arrival under the portico of the main Museum building. Decision had not then been reached as to the renewed public exhibition of the contents. *Photo, P.A. Reuter*

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